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February 19, 1959 25¢

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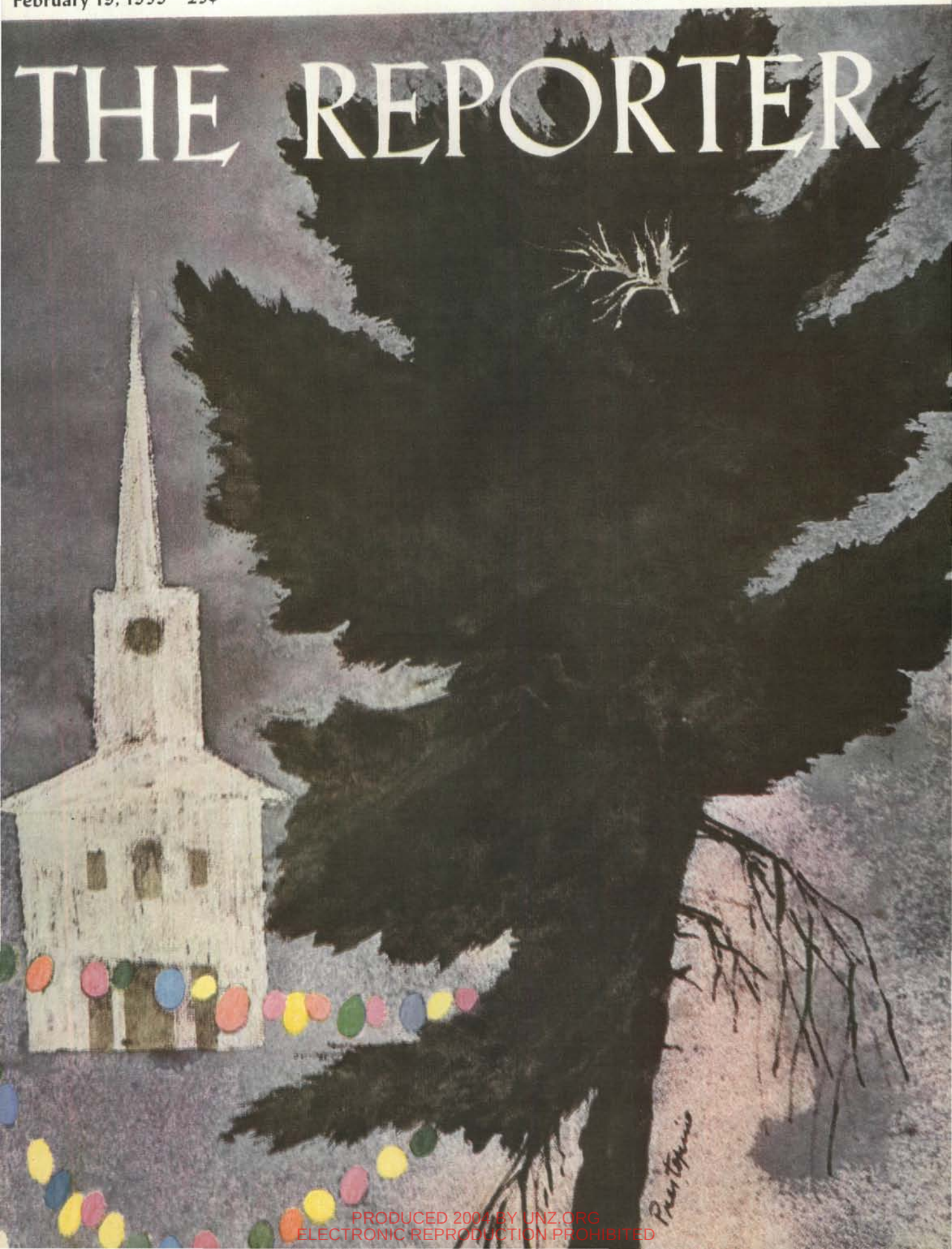
THE REPORTER



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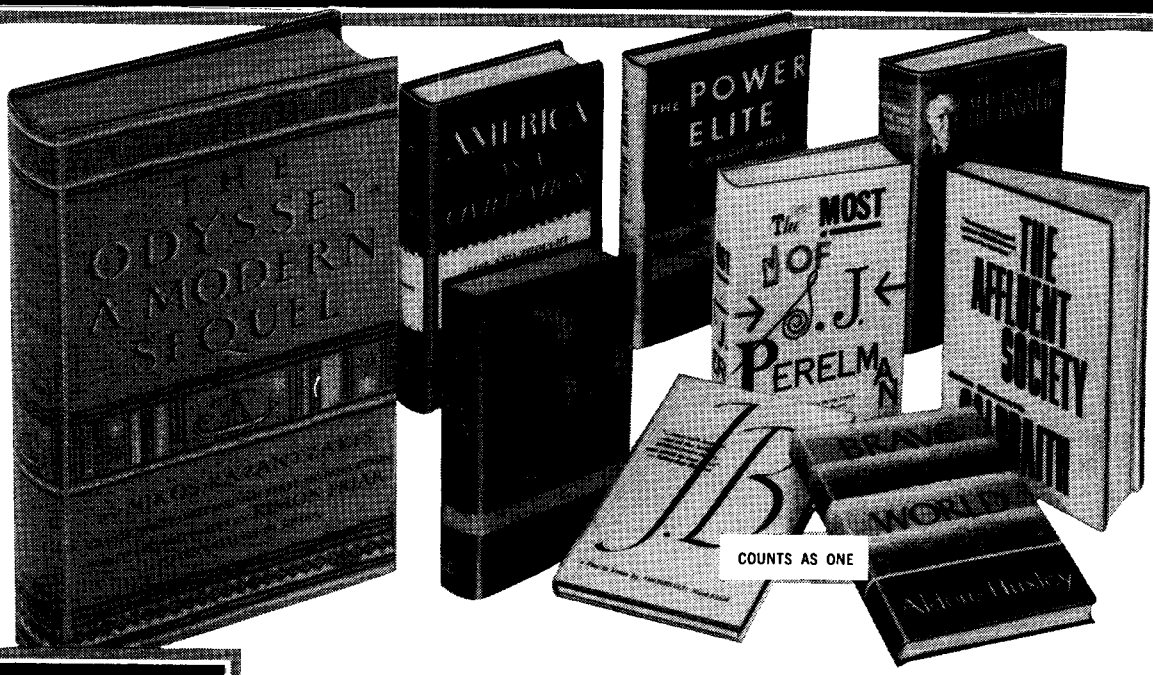
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Off the Record

A good deal of editorial ink has been spilled recently in attempts to define the character and ideals of Representative Charles A. Halleck of Indiana, the new House minority leader. Was his election a triumph of the G.O.P.'s liberal wing over the conservative, or is Halleck really just as conservative as Mr. Joe Martin, whom he has replaced? We are indebted to Robert E. Hoyt of the Akron *Beacon-Journal* for digging up an incident that may throw considerable light on the Halleck enigma.

On July 25, 1957, Mr. Hoyt reminds us, the House was considering a $1.5-billion school-construction bill. It was a compromise that had been worked out by Democrats and Republicans in the Education and Labor Committee. Republicans, however, were expected to back out on the compromise, chiefly because President Eisenhower—after paying lip service to school aid—had made a speech at the annual Governors' Conference urging states to assume additional responsibilities. A party poll among G.O.P. congressmen, taken after the Eisenhower speech, showed that only forty of the two hundred Republicans would support the compromise.

AGAINST THIS BACKDROP, an Ohio Republican on the House Education and Labor Committee, Representative William H. Ayres, went to the White House and got approval to offer an amendment bringing the bill closer into line with the President's ideas about how the money should be distributed. When the compromise bill was on the floor, Ayres offered his amendment, identifying it as something the President's "heart is really in."

One of the first to pop up in support of Ayres' substitute was Mr. Halleck of Indiana. From official stenographer's notes, this, in part, is what he said: "I commend the gentleman from Ohio for offering this substitute. It is President Eisenhower's program. I voted for it last year and I shall support . . . [it] this year."

Halleck had apparently made the mistake of presuming that the Democrats would vote down the Eisenhower plan. But after Halleck's little speech, liberal Democrats got up and said, in effect: "We think this is a weak plan, but if we must take it or nothing, we'll take the Eisenhower proposal."

HALLECK could hardly believe his ears. Hastily he caucused with the Democratic leadership, Speaker Sam Rayburn and Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia, chairman of the Rules Committee. When the huddle broke up Smith offered a technical motion to kill the entire education bill. It carried 208-203, with Halleck among those voting to kill. Three votes—the influential Mr. Halleck and two of his many friends, for example—would have changed the outcome.

That evening, Halleck looked over the stenographer's transcript of his remarks on the House floor. This, of course, is customary procedure. The official stenographer sends the notes around for "correction"—to make sure a congressman did not inadvertently say something he didn't mean. The congressman from Indiana carefully deleted his speech in support of the Eisenhower school proposal.

If this episode proves anything, it is that Mr. Halleck is admirably equipped with those qualities of pliancy and subtlety which will be necessary to guide the Eisenhower administration's forward looking programs through the House of Representatives.

The Arts in Foggy Bottom

Between the idea and the reality there falls a shadow, as T.S. Eliot has acutely observed, more or less. In this instance it was only the FBI, to be sure; but even so homely a penumbra could only be interpreted as a sticky omen for the idea in question, which is embodied in H.R. 13017 (S. 3335) establishing a National Cultural Center in Washington, D.C., that shall:

"(1) *present classical and contemporary music, opera, drama, dance, and poetry from this and other countries,*

"(2) *present lectures and other programs,*

"(3) *develop programs for children and youth and the elderly (and for other age groups as well) in such arts designed specifically for their participation, education, and recreation, and*

"(4) *provide facilities for other civic activities . . .*"

Ever since 1951, legislation of this kind has been actively sought by many earnest persons, and Lord knows that Washington badly needs it. Not only does it have a thinner cultural life than many other American cities of comparable size; its culture is practically invisible by the standards of smallish European cities. The original intention had been to erect a National Capital Center for the Performing Arts on the Mall,

COW COUNTRY

The Swiss have Alps, the Swiss have cows,
The Swiss have trousered gloaters
In men who've voted that their fraus
May not be women voters.

—SEC

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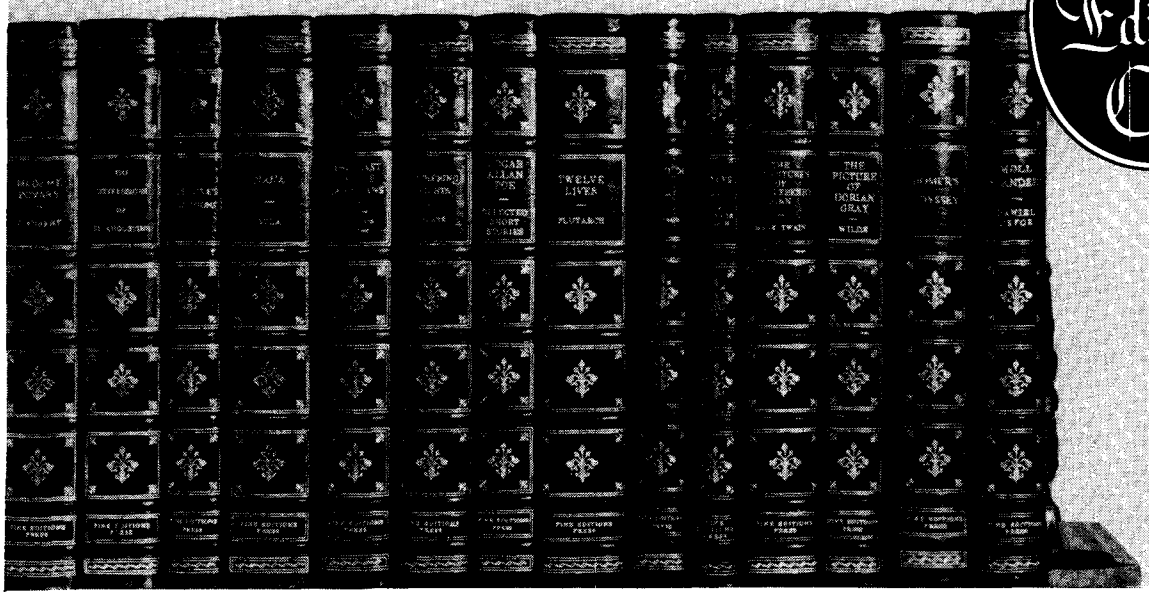

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opposite the National Gallery. But the Air Force claimed its rights in our present national peril and that site was set aside for a National Air Museum. Instead, nine and a half acres were allotted at Foggy Bottom, near the Potomac, a scenic spot that has an unfortunate tendency to smell a bit at night.

LAST SEPTEMBER President Eisenhower signed the bill which had been sponsored jointly by Representative Frank Thompson of New Jersey and Senator J.W. Fulbright of Arkansas. It made a gift of the Foggy Bottom site (estimated value $1.6 million) for the projected center–*if* within five years sufficient private contributions (estimated need: $25 million) were obtained to construct the buildings. Senator Alexander Wiley (R., Wisconsin) was not, it can be seen, far off the mark when he announced triumphantly that "This legislation is basically a green light for private enterprise to function." Nevertheless, the legislators' confidence in private enterprise clearly had its limits, for the supervisory direction of the center was entrusted to a board of trustees including, along with other government officials, three members each of the House and Senate, and fifteen private members to be appointed by the President.

There was a distinct impression that whatever worthy performances culture-loving Washingtonians might get to witness, *Death of a Salesman* would probably not be one of them.

This impression was strengthened when time passed and the President didn't appoint anyone at all, and when it was also discovered that as a consequence of an Executive decision, various eminent citizens of a type suitable to grace these offices were being checked up on by the FBI. Mrs. Jouett Shouse, vice-president of the National Symphony Orchestra, reported that four of her colleagues on the board of that organization had been questioned about her. She did not reveal whether J. Edgar Hoover's men were curious about (a) her musical tastes, (b) her fund-raising capabilities, or (c) her politics. A White House spokesman, who said reassuringly that "the FBI was only doing a rou-

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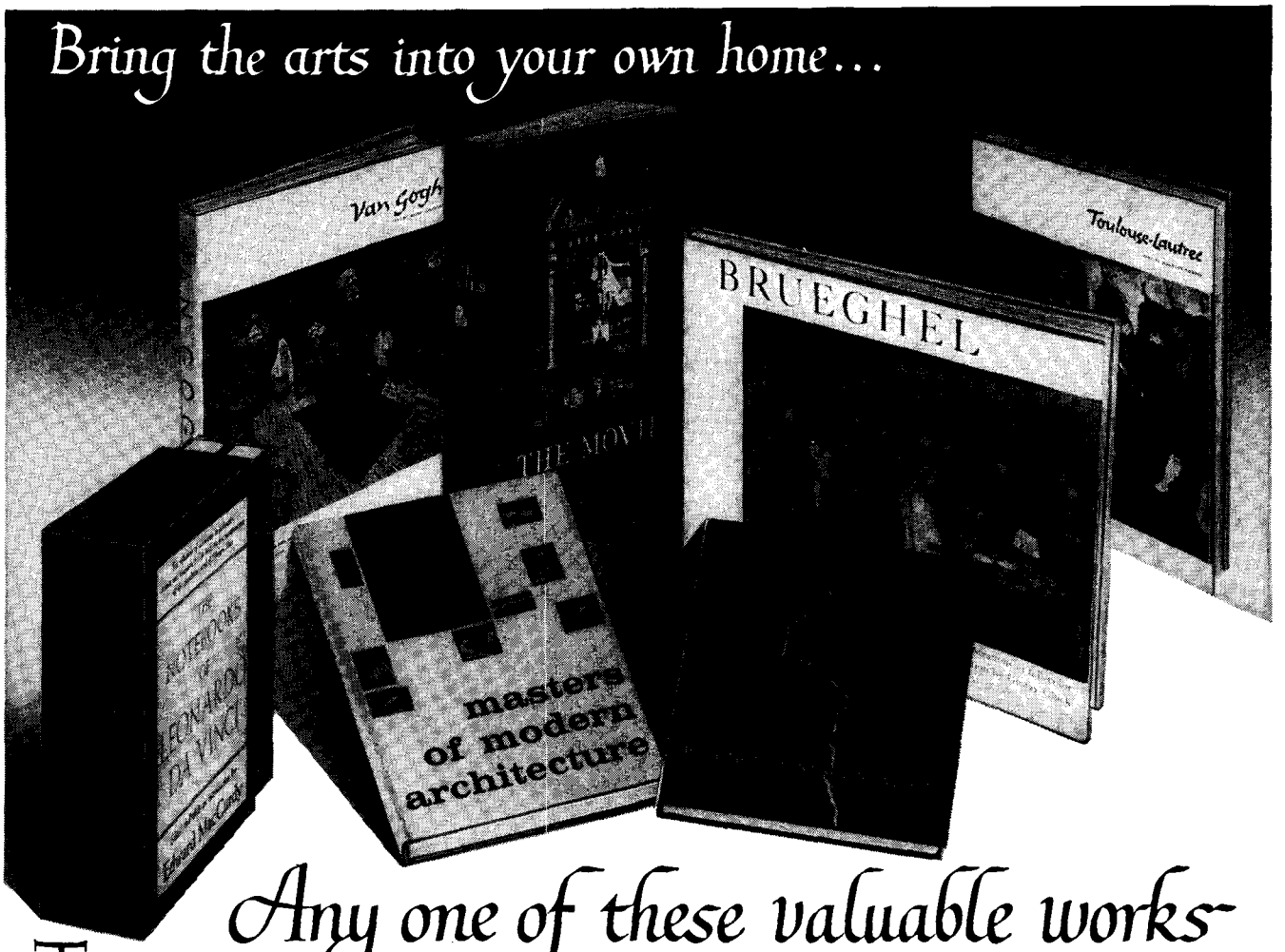

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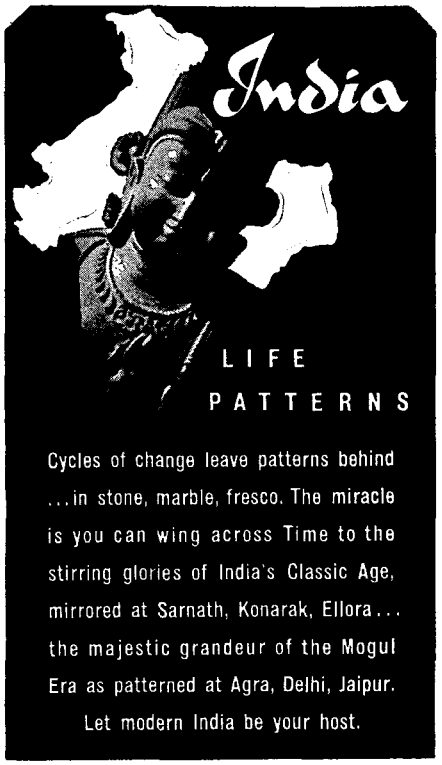
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tine check" and not a full field investigation, also failed to clear up this point.

Anyway, on January 29, President Eisenhower made public the names of his chosen fifteen. Mrs. Shouse seems to have barely squeaked through her FBI finals, because she was granted only a two-year term. Of three ten-year appointees, two—L. Corrin Strong, former ambassador to Norway, and John Nicholas Brown, business executive and former Assistant Secretary of the Navy—had been in public service, and therefore had a head start so far as their FBI files were concerned. But by all odds the most interesting fact about the group is that there is not a single member who is professionally associated with the arts.

THERE WAS some criticism of the list, but Senator Fulbright, wise in the ways of Washington, simply declared: "I was extremely pleased the White House has announced its appointments and I hope the trustees will be able to meet without delay to bring to fruition this splendid dream."

It turns out, however, that getting the trustees to meet is more easily hoped for than arranged. When questioned by Richard L. Coe, drama critic of the Washington *Post*, the White House revealed that it hadn't the faintest idea who was authorized to call a meeting of the trustees, much less when a meeting could be scheduled: "There appears to be what can be interpreted as a defect in the legislation," he was told. And there the matter rests.

Incidentally, last July 28, President Eisenhower gave a green light to public enterprise when he signed a bill to give Washington a fifty-thousand-seat stadium with bonds guaranteed by the U.S. Treasury. Night baseball, anyone?

These Things Were Said

¶ Undoubtedly there are those who consider 1953 as the "good old days"—when Lebanon just meant a sausage, when Morocco meant a kind of leather and when a summit was a mountain top. But to us postmasters, 1953 will always be remembered as the year the administration changed. . . . How many of you, who were postmasters then, actually *thought you* would be sitting at this national convention. . . . Despite all the incantations of the calamity howlers—despite all the dire prophecies of doom—there were only 155 postmasters dismissed from office during 1953. All of these were for cause. More than half were for embezzlement. . . . Well, fellow postmasters, there you have the Summerfield Story. Six years of postal progress. Six years of postmaster progress. The most exciting six years in postal history. . . . *Music: "Into Land of Hope and Glory" behind Narrator.* . . . This, my friends, has been the story of one man's ideals—a Postmaster General with a brain and a heart and golden viscera.—*From "The Summerfield Story," presented at the 54th annual convention of the National Association of Postmasters in Cincinnati, September 16, 1958.*

¶ This bit of information is reported in Washington: If, by chance, a single Soviet missile should get shot off and should destroy some American city, all-out war would not necessarily follow. U.S. would first want to make sure the shot was not an accident.—*U.S. News & World Report.*

¶ Letters and petitions bearing more than 7000 Dutch signatures have bombarded the United States embassy, calling for release of two North Carolina Negro boys sent to reform school after kissing a little white girl. . . .

The boys, David Simpson, 8, and James Hanover Thompson, 10, were sent to reform school in North Carolina after kissing a 6-year-old white girl.

The U.S. Information Service sought to stem the tide of protests by sending a letter to Dutch newspapers stressing that the children had not been jailed and that they were products of antisocial families—*Associated Press report from The Hague.*

¶ His friends say that Mr. [J. Lindsay] Almond is a genuinely human person who enjoys meeting people. When talking, whether it's a political speech or just conversation, he loves to use colorful metaphors and big words. Thus his description of the Supreme Court as "fawning puppets" was in character.—*Profile of Governor Almond in the New York* World-Telegram and Sun.

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"The novel reaches a climax of exaltation with a section of some twenty pages that seem to me one of the greatest pieces of imaginative prose written in our time. From this point on, the prose soars to a severe and tragic gravity; every detail of life takes on the tokens of sanctity; and while reading these pages, one feels that one is witnessing a terrible apocalypse. Begun as a portrait of Russia, the novel ends as a love story told with the force and purity of the greatest Russian fiction . . . So the book ends — a book of truth and courage and beauty, a work of art toward which one's final response is nothing less than a feeling of reverence." (This review appeared in *The New Republic* before the Nobel Prize Award.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

BY BORIS PASTERNAK

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

To the Editor: Paul Jacobs's excellent article on the plight of the migrant worker ("The Forgotten People," *The Reporter*, January 22) mentions that little can be expected from state legislatures in easing that plight. How well we here in Michigan know this to be true!

Some years ago I appointed a Migrant Workers Study Commission which produced recommendations which, if adopted, would have meant at least a beginning toward solutions.

Our proposals for legislation in this field were brushed aside in the state senate, which is gerrymandered like most state senates. One of the senators explained that the pickers in his area are really treated very decently and that no new laws to protect them are needed. Why, he said, the local theater even shows a Spanish-language movie every Wednesday night during the picking season!

However, we'll keep trying, and some day—with the help of articles such as yours—we'll make headway.

G. Mennen Williams, Governor
Lansing, Michigan

To the Editor: My very warm thanks to *The Reporter* for the valuable article on migratory workers. You have given enormous help to those of us who have been and are interested in calling public attention to the plight of the most disadvantaged workers.

Norman Thomas
New York

To the Editor: It is hard to believe that in twentieth-century America there is such a large group of people who do not yet receive most of the blessings of modern civilization. Knowledge of this shocking situation should bring action for remedial steps.

Fay Bennett
National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor

To the Editor: Thank you for your timely interest in the American farm labor problem and the plight of the migrant workers and their children. Paul Jacobs's article is packed with facts and loaded with social dynamite, and should stir the conscience of our people.

The National Advisory Committee expresses its deep appreciation to *The Reporter* both for the article and for the interview with Secretary of Labor Mitchell, which contained his announcement of championship of minimum-wages and maximum-hours laws for agricultural workers.

Frank Graham
United Nations

To the Editor: I have read Mr. Jacobs's article with a great deal of interest and hope that he will accomplish some good. Private organizations have been trying to help migrants and other farm workers for many years, but unless Congress comes to our assistance I don't believe that the unfortunate lot of the migrants will greatly improve.

Most Rev. Robert E. Lucey, S.T.D.
Archbishop of San Antonio

To the Editor: *The Reporter* should be commended as the first national magazine which has printed an extensive article on the tragic conditions among farm workers. These people are truly the forgotten people—forgotten by state legislators, Congress, and the American people.

Vera M. Waltman
General Secretary
National Consumers League

To the Editor: Paul Jacobs's article is rather one-sided. He does not mention the good things that are being done in New Jersey and elsewhere.

More particularly in the final paragraph, where he does state what is being done, he omits the fine work of the Migrant Ministry of the National Council of Protestant Churches. For many years this organization has pioneered in providing schooling, child care, hot lunches, and so on. They operate in twenty-five states.

Margaret S. Taber
Madison, New Jersey

To the Editor: As a member of the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor, I express appreciation to you for publishing Paul Jacobs's article. The problems of farm workers in this country are very grave, and public concern is needed. You have assisted the efforts of many individuals and organizations, including the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor, in bringing these problems to the attention of your readers.

L. H. Foster, President
Tuskegee Institute

To the Editor: The American farmer has received the praises and thanks of a nation for a job well done in supplying the world's food needs during the Second World War, but he must now stop acting like a pampered child and realize that he must take on the responsibilities of a mature partner in our national concerns, both by ridding his industry of such disgraceful labor practices and by accepting more flexible agricultural policies.

William M. Wendt
Washington, D.C.

MR. BURKE AND MR. HAYS

To the Editor: Burkeans from Brasenose College to Bryn Mawr have arisen to challenge my characterization of the

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political faith of Brooks Hays in *The Reporter* of November 27, 1958:

"With Burke he believes that in a democracy a representative must advocate the views of his constituency; if he cannot convert the voters to his own beliefs, he should abandon his seat."

My loose language perhaps does some disservice to both Mr. Hays and Edmund Burke. Rather than "believes," I might more accurately have said "accepts the fact that," and "must expect to lose" rather than "should abandon."

In perhaps his most famous speech on the subject, Burke told his Bristol constituents: "Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion . . ." Burke, like Hays, refused to sacrifice his judgment to popular opinion.

HARRY S. ASHMORE
Arkansas *Gazette*
Little Rock

F.D.R.'s 'HIDDEN DIMENSION'

To the Editor: Alfred Kazin's review of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr's., *The Coming of the New Deal* (*The Reporter*, January 22) requires some comment. Though Kazin makes some very good points, particularly in his initial questioning of Schlesinger's assumption of the "wholeness" of the New Deal, he goes on to develop a critique of Schlesinger's approach, and of Roosevelt personally, on the view that F.D.R.'s pragmatism became increasingly adventurist, if not amoral. In Kazin's words, it ultimately extended so far "beyond the traditional morality, the clear sense of good and evil," as to constitute a "hidden dimension of moral extremism."

Leaving aside Kazin's impropriety in not waiving this line of criticism until Schlesinger's history had at least advanced beyond its present terminal of 1934, one wonders just what the reviewer has in mind. Is he thinking of Roosevelt's naval policy in the Atlantic in 1941, admittedly not fully disclosed to the public at the time? Or of the perhaps too rigid Roosevelt-Hull diplomacy re Japanese expansionism? Kazin has the obligation to specify, to allow serious questions to be pondered on their merits, rather than leave formless his grave characterizations.

Kazin does refer to Yalta, where F.D.R.'s pragmatism—described by Kazin as "the extreme of administrative maneuvering, Roosevelt's only knowledge"—is supposed to have been revealed in all its weakness. But it is incorrect, if fashionable, to attribute Yalta to ideological naïveté, to glib superficiality. Admiral McIntire reports (*White House Physician*, page 219) that on ship to Yalta Roosevelt recognized Russian Communism as a potentially aggressive and menacing force that could spread chaos in the conquered countries and disrupt all Europe; yet Roosevelt believed that the realities of Russia's wartime devastation and her needs for reconstruction and development would ensure a period of peace while the U.N. took hold and a free Europe was reborn. Surely this was a rational position. That it failed to apprehend sufficiently the implacable resolution, the fundamentally irresponsible cunning of Stalinist absolutism is hardly a fair complaint.

Roosevelt had his failings, to be sure; his mistakes were many, and quite possibly Schlesinger is seeing the man too confidently. Yet today, when the world, both East and West, is changing, Roosevelt's faith in progress, his commitment to tolerance and humaneness, his belief in the coexistent pluralism of social forms, could well serve as refreshing relief to the frozen grimness of our time.

ARNOLD M. PAUL
Los Angeles

To the Editor: That Alfred Kazin would not bow the knee to either Roosevelt or Schlesinger shows that he is among the few who deserve the misused title "liberal."

"When one recognizes the intellectual poverty and spiritual thinness with which he defended democracy during the war . . ." Schlesinger, who knows Niebuhr, should have seen this. Bless you for pointing it out!

Again I can say: the thing I like about *The Reporter* is that you can never guess ahead of time what it is going to say.

HARVEY BATES
Director, Student Religious Association
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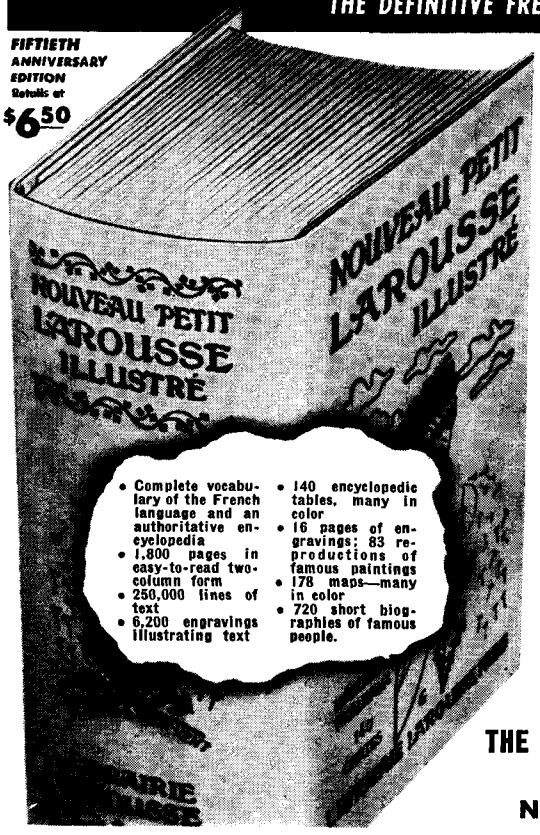

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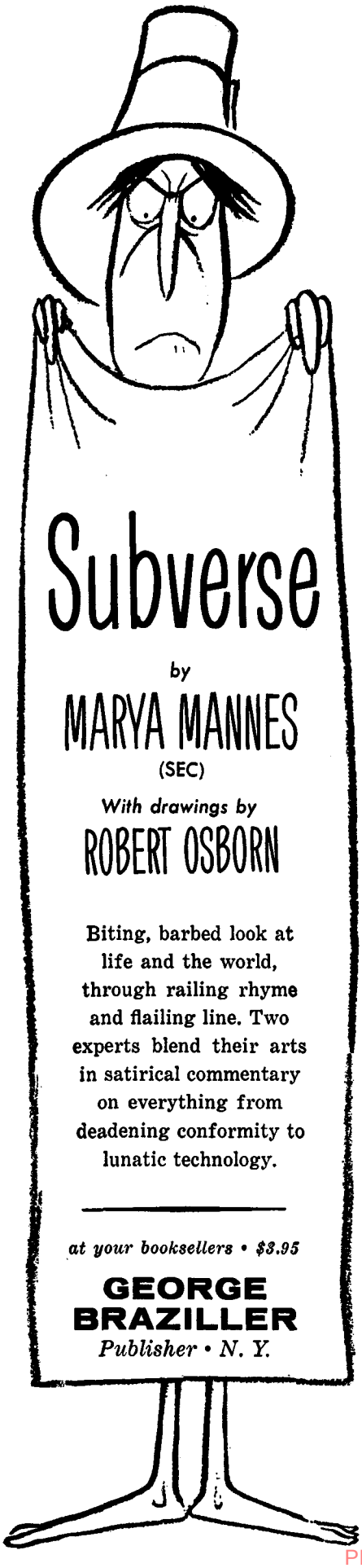
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

When Khrushchev raised the Berlin and German issues, **Max Ascoli** took the position in an editorial "No Retreat from Berlin" that nothing would have been more self-defeating than to take a so-called "positive" attitude to counteract the Russians—just for the sake of counteraction. There are situations where a firm and definitive "No" is the only positive answer, particularly when it is addressed to a ruthless opponent who seeks to unhinge the system of alliances on which we depend. Since the "No Retreat from Berlin" editorial was written, the emphasis has shifted from the word "positive" to the word "flexible." To that kind of flexibility this magazine is still unalterably opposed and, if anything, even more vigorously, for it may mean spinelessness. In this great debate on diplomacy and strategy we will have many more things to say—and not just to show we are "positive" or "flexible."

Meanwhile it is useful to look at the troubles our opponent is having. The campaign in the Soviet press against the "anti-party" group of Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich, Shepilov & Co. had risen gradually to a crescendo, and clearly *some* kind of climax was to be expected at the Twenty-first Congress. It would seem that the inner party conflict, analyzed in the article by **Isaac Deutscher,** is still far from being resolved. For the moment Khrushchev's leadership may be unchallenged; but it is evidently not so secure as to be utterly unchallengeable in the near future. Indeed, **David Burg's** report on the conflict over Soviet education reveals that in order to maintain his position, Khrushchev too must maneuver and compromise. He has to thread a hazardous course between the alternatives of a revivified Stalinism (represented by the "anti-party" group and perhaps by Mao himself) and a continuation of the "thaw" so strongly desired by the intelligentsia and the "New Class" of bureaucrats, managers, and officials. Mr. Burg is a young ex-Soviet citizen who until 1956 was doing post-graduate work at Moscow University. In that year he reached East Berlin as a member of a group of tourists and took the U-Bahn to the West.

William H. Hessler, who is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, recently made a tour of Canada. His article will come as something of a shock to American readers accustomed to taking Canada for granted. But, he says, his account of Canadian anxieties "represents the thinking of a good many informed Canadians." . . . **Edmond Taylor** is our regular European correspondent. . . . **Thomas R. Phillips's** article on "The Widening Missile Gap," in our January 8 issue, seems to have helped set off a first-class storm in Washington. General Phillips here returns to the subject, to discover what the administration's recent assurances amount to. . . . **Al Newman** is a veteran war correspondent, a former managing editor of *The Reporter*, and a regular contributor.

Jean Stafford's most recent book is a collection of short stories, *Children Are Bored on Sunday* (Random House). . . . **Steven Marcus,** an instructor in English at Columbia University, wrote the essay "Who Reads Poetry?" in our January 22 issue. . . . **Jay Jacobs** is an author-artist or artist-author: he is not quite sure himself. . . . **C. P. Snow,** whose novels were the subject of an essay by **Alfred Kazin** in our February 5 issue, is a scientist by training. Sir Charles was chief of scientific personnel for the Ministry of Labour during the last war, and is at present Civil Service Commissioner concerned with the recruitment of scientists for government work. . . . **Gerald Weales** is three times over (A.B., A.M., Ph.D.) a graduate of Columbia, about which he writes. He is now assistant professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **William Letwin** is associate professor of Industrial History at M.I.T.

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The New Look: Flexibility

IT IS BAD ENOUGH to have a missile gap, particularly considering Mr. McElroy's obstinate denial that there is any such thing. It is even worse to be falling behind the Russians in the quantity and quality of other means of defense and attack. Yet as long as our nation has enough retaliatory power to discourage aggression, and as long as we have the technological and financial potential to narrow all the existing gaps, the danger we face, though extremely grave, is not yet a present one.

Our still-redoubtable military power may turn out to be second best—or perhaps it is already. For about a decade after the end of the war, the Russians were second best. Yet during all those years they did rather well for themselves.

Soviet diplomacy was never as active as during the years of Russian military inferiority. The Russians consolidated their empire in eastern Europe; they launched their peace offensive; they came very close to conquering Italy in free elections, and to strangling West Berlin. From Iran to Korea, they harassed us and went so far as to tempt us over and over again to go to war, in spite of the fact that in their crude misinterpretation of our motives they attributed to us the willingness to use our unmatched supremacy in a preventive war. At no time then did the Soviet diplomatic posture reflect Russia's military weakness.

Now the tables have been turned, but our diplomacy is a direct reflection of our diminished military strength—and the evidence is Germany. The men most concerned with foreign policy in the Executive as well as in the Legislative branch of our government are moving toward negotiation with the Kremlin on Germany, on the terms and according to the timetable the Russians have laid down. It would be quite unfair to consider Secretary Dulles as solely or even mainly responsible for this trend. On the contrary, our tired, ailing Secretary of State seems to be moving grudgingly, looking prayerfully for a German policy somewhat different from the one he has held until now, but anxious to prove that he too is endowed with that supreme among all virtues—flexibility in negotiating with the Russians on Germany. Flexibility is considered identical with wisdom, and he who is the most flexible is the wisest.

Flexibility does not require any particular creativeness: it simply means accepting discussion with the Russians on their terms. As a substitute for inventiveness, a minimum effort is demanded—just enough to dust off some old, vapid plans about disengagement and neutralization in Germany, or maybe in the whole of western Europe. The main object of discussion seems to be the quantity or the extension of both disengagement and neutralization that can be agreed upon in negotiations with the Russians.

That the two Germanies should somehow settle their differences and manage to become a going concern, this is accepted by an increasingly large number of people. Yet according to no standard of measurement—moral, economic, or military—can the so-called two Germanies be considered as equal and suited to enter into some partnership of a more or less confederal nature. But Russian missiles seem to redress the balance and lend to the wretched East German state a reality it never had.

No wonder Khrushchev has discovered lately that some kind of all-German elections can lead to the reunification of that country. The normal, civilized process of free elections is not even remotely conceivable for East Germany unless the people there also enjoy the freedom to render justice to the Quislings who for fourteen years have tortured them. Who will restrain the East Germans? The Russians have considerable experience in such tasks. Or maybe the restraining job can be imposed on the West Germans. Actually, it is difficult to conceive of a united Germany free from anarchy or Soviet oppression.

Such worries, however, do not cloud the minds of many political leaders of the West, not to mention the guiding lights of public opinion. The Russians have stated their conditions and have set dates. We have to be, so we are told, realistic, and above all flexible. Even the East German state is called a reality.

True, our diplomacy still has immense fields open to its initiative. We could usefully experiment with disengagement in the Middle or the Far East, and give it firm guarantees of nuclear retaliation should the enemy attack. But our administration, having shown its capacity to intervene, in Lebanon and in the offshore islands, may be inclined to put up a show not of strength but of flexibility in Germany.

THERE ARE still some men in Europe, heads of key nations of the Alliance, who say "No." Charles de Gaulle and Konrad Adenauer know that what the Russians want is to unhinge the Alliance. They are not practitioners of flexibility, these two men. Their obduracy is at present used by Secretary Dulles as a substitute for principles. He has reason to fear it. For the two men, irrespective of their nations' power, are strong. In fact, they are as strong as they are wise.

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Khrushchev, Mao, and Stalin's Ghost

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONGRESS of the Soviet Communist Party assembled in Moscow almost three years after Khrushchev's "secret speech" before the Twentieth Congress. For the Soviet Union and the other Communist-ruled countries, these were eventful years, crowded with reforms, counter-reforms, inner party struggles, turmoil, and confusion. Whatever the formal agenda of this assembly—officially it was convened only to endorse the new Seven-Year Plan—the essential question before it has been whether or not Communism is to follow the signposts set up three years ago. How much of the Stalinist orthodoxy is still valid and how much is discarded? And what is the order of the day—de-Stalinization or re-Stalinization?

Inevitably, these questions produced controversy and splits. It is now officially admitted that despite the pretense of unanimity maintained at the Twentieth Congress, the party leaders were then deeply divided over all major issues, as in truth they had been even earlier. It was only while the Twentieth Congress was in session that the Central Committee authorized Khrushchev to make his revelations about Stalin; and only a small majority of the committee voted for this momentous decision. Nearly half the members, led by Molotov and Kaganovich, fought desperately, and until the last moment, to save the idol and the dogmas of Stalinism.

What was at stake was the entire system of government and party leadership, and not merely Stalin's good or bad name. None of the major administrative, economic, and social changes that have since been introduced in the Soviet Union could even have been contemplated as long as the party was shackled by Stalinist orthodoxy. Khrushchev's "secret" speech was the prelude to the long series of reforms that have filled the interval between the two Congresses.

The story of the interval, however, is full of contradictions and paradoxes. It falls into at least three major chapters. The first was brought to a close by the Polish and Hungarian upheavals in October and November, 1956. The second ended with the expulsion from the Central Committee of Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich in June, 1957. The

third and last chapter, leading up to the present, could be divided into several subchapters; its story is of the greatest complexity and confusion.

Revision and Revolt

In the first period the movement for de-Stalinization developed almost openly and assumed great explosive force. It met deep and widely felt needs, it evoked a powerful popular response, and it aroused boundless hopes. The range of the movement, however, was relatively limited, at least as far as the Soviet Union was concerned. It was primarily political in character. Its emphasis was on inner party reform, collective leadership, and freedom of inner party criticism—in a word, on the replacement of the Stalinist "bureaucratic centralism" by the Leninist "democratic centralism." These were also the months of the "thaw" in literature and in the arts and of an intense ferment of ideas in academic circles. From month to month de-Stalinization made startling conquests in vital but narrowly circumscribed fields. The intelligentsia led the movement, while the bureaucracy was divided against itself; but the mass of the working class, not to speak of the peasantry, remained largely inarticulate.

THE HUNGARIAN rising gave the Stalinist die-hards the opportunity to rally and to go over to the offensive. They denounced Khrushchev as the unwitting inspirer of the rising and the prompter of revisionism, who had jeopardized Communist rule in eastern Europe and exposed the Soviet Union itself to dangerous shocks. The perils they spoke of were real enough; and so all the leaders, de-Stalinizers as well as Stalinists, were seized with panic. In the course of eight months Molotov and Kaganovich pressed home the attack and succeeded in regaining much of the ground they had lost. Khrushchev was compelled to call a halt to the debunking of the Stalin era, to declare war on revisionism, and to try and discpline the restive intelligentsia.

But it was impossible to undo the effects of the Twentieth Congress and to make people forget his disclosures about Stalinist misrule. Too much discontent and disillusionment were pent up in all social classes. The workers began to react against the privileges of the bureaucracy, against social inequality, and against the old severe industrial discipline. The peasants refused to increase agricultural production, which was disastrously

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low and threatened to impede industrial progress.

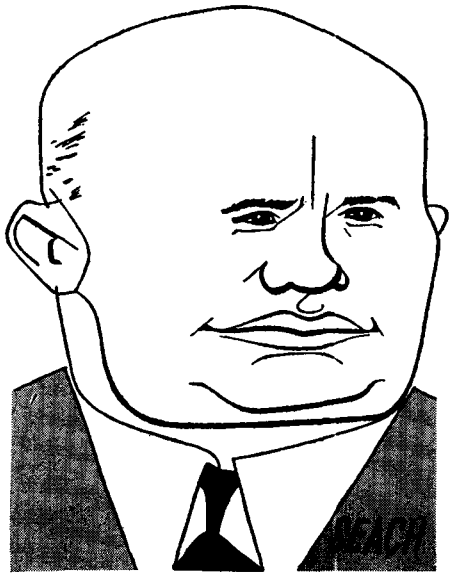
The party leadership had reason to fear that the disgruntled intelligentsia (whose ranks had been politically strengthened by the release from concentration camps and the rehabilitation of old heretics and "enemies of the people") might appeal to the workers and peasants and set in motion a genuine popular opposition. Something had to be done to dispel the popular discontents—at least a new wage policy and a new approach to collective farming were needed. Thus, even if only to be able to call an effective halt to political and ideological de-Stalinization, Khrushchev had to carry de-Stalinization into the fields of economic and social policy.

The Skeleton Battle

Khrushchev set out to break up the overcentralized and rigidly bureaucratic system of economic administration and to replace it by the regional economic councils—by means of local initiative and responsibility he hoped to increase the efficiency of the entire industrial machinery. Acting on the same principle, he released the collective farms from bureaucratic tutelage, transferred to them the property of the machine tractor stations, abolished compulsory food deliveries, and offered the farmers all sorts of material incentives.

The Stalinist die-hards put up a stubborn resistance to this series of reforms. They relied on the backing of Moscow's powerful industrial bureaucracy and on the caution and fear that had seized large sections of the party machine since the Hungarian rising. In June, 1957, Molotov and Kaganovich were on the point of bringing their counter-offensive to a successful conclusion. Strengthened by the adherence of Malenkov and Shepilov, de-Stalinizers of the previous period, and by Bulganin's hesitations, they obtained a majority within the Presidium of the Central Committee and carried a motion deposing Khrushchev from the post of First Secretary of the party. This was to have put an end to the "Period of Troubles" and "risky experiments."

At this point, though, Khrushchev appealed from the Presidium to the Central Committee. If the records of that session of the committee were to be published, the effect, at least in the Soviet Union, might be almost as shocking as was that of Khrushchev's "secret" speech. The debates were stormy. The antagonists charged one another with working for the ruin of the Soviet Union and



of Communism; and for the occasion each side dragged skeletons from the family closets. At one point, for instance, while Khrushchev dwelt on his adversaries' responsibility for the great purges of the 1930's—the topic invariably recurring in all secret debates since Stalin's death—he pointed at Molotov and Kaganovich and exclaimed: "Your hands are stained with the blood of our party leaders and of innumerable innocent Bolsheviks!" "So are yours!" Molotov and Kaganovich shouted back at him. "Yes, so are mine," Khrushchev replied. "I admit this. But during the purges I was merely carrying out your orders. I was not then a member of the Politburo and I bear no responsibility for its decisions. You were."

Thus Khrushchev went on playing on the revulsion against Stalinism; and this was indeed strong enough to assure his success. Essentially, the vote reflected the majority's conviction that it was impossible for the party to go on ruling the country as before and that the reforms advocated by Khrushchev were sound and overdue.

It was no accident that in June, 1957, Marshal Zhukov threw his weight behind Khrushchev. Perhaps more strongly than any other group, the officers' corps had resented the Stalinist purges, and it was convinced of the urgency of economic and administrative reform. But in a few months it was Zhukov's turn to be expelled from the Central Committee. Speaking on February 3 before the Twenty-first Congress, Zhukov's successor as defense minister, Marshal Rodion L. Malinovsky, declared that Zhukov had "tried to set himself up as a new Bonaparte" in the months following the June session.

Two Steps Forward . . .

Yet how paradoxical is the outcome of all these disputes and showdowns! On the one hand, Khrushchev's triumph over his adversaries has enabled him to go ahead with his reforms, every one of which takes the Soviet Union further and further away from the Stalinist system of government. On the other, his triumph appears to have driven the party, politically, a long way back toward Stalinism. By eliminating his adversaries, Khrushchev appears to have destroyed the post-Stalinist "collective leadership" and to have become the party's sole master.

This "dialectically contradictory" and ambiguous outcome of all the recent struggles was strikingly demonstrated in the December sessions of the Central Committee and of the Supreme Soviet, which were convened in preparation for the Congress. An immense amount of new legislation was placed before these two bodies. Nearly all of it was designed to demonstrate that the break with Stalinism is continuing, is deepening, and is spreading to ever new spheres of Soviet life. The new Seven-Year Plan does not aim only at approaching the level of American industry. Its special feature is the new emphasis on the need for the "harmonious" development of producer and consumer industries; and this has necessitated some slowing down in the rate of over-all development. The plan makes important concessions to consumer interests. It also marks a further departure from Stalin's anti-egalitarian policy; it provides for a steady narrowing of the gap between high and low incomes; and for a shortening of working hours in industry.

The principle of de-Stalinization,

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however, has been most strikingly evident in the new criminal code, which its sponsor introduced to the Supreme Soviet as an act of legislation designed to "liquidate the shameful heritage of the past." The code had been under debate for many years, and it is the resultant of conflicting viewpoints. It does not go as far as the most liberal Soviet jurists had expected, but it does go a very long way toward transforming a police state into a state "ruled by law." The code deprives the political police of the powers to sentence, imprison, and deport citizens. No one is to be sentenced otherwise than by a normal court in open trial. Penalties are reduced. Guilt by association, the category of the "enemy of the people," the co-responsibility of the defendant's relatives, the penalty of the deprivation of citizenship, and many similar features of the old code are abolished. No defendant may be charged with "terrorism" unless there is prima facie evidence of an actual attempt at political assassination.

Under such a code it would have been impossible for Stalin ever to produce his *univers concentrationnaire,* to stage any of his great purges and the Moscow trials, and even to deport Trotsky to Alma Ata and Constantinople. As if to stress the meaning of the code, General Serov, the grim old policeman, was replaced as chief of state security by the ex-Comsomol leader Shelepin.

Yet—and here is the greatest paradox—the ghosts of the great purges seemed to be crowding back into the Central Committee's conference hall in December when Bulganin made his confession of guilt, denouncing Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich and extolling Khrushchev's infallibility; and when the Central Committee rejected his confession as hypocritical and inadequate, and Rudenko, Vishinsky's successor as state prosecutor, spoke about the "crimes of the anti-party group." We were back, if not in 1936, the year of the Zinoviev trial, then at least in 1930-1934.

Khrushchev's purpose is to break the morale and expose the weakness of Molotov and his friends; but they have evidently not yet laid down their arms. From their retreats they have continued their "factional activity," trying to rally their followers and attacking Khrushchev's policies. Khrushchev feels that his armor has chinks and that he cannot afford to ignore the attacks. He has not made his position easier by promulgating the new criminal code. In order to chastise his adversaries in Stalin's manner, he would have to tear up that code—otherwise his hands will be tied. Will he dare to tear it up?

. . . One Step Backward

What the Stalinist die-hards are now fighting may be only a rear-guard battle, but for the time being their strength is by no means negligible. To keep them at bay Khrushchev has had to press on with his anti-Stalinist reforms and also to try and steal Molotov's thunder, to strike at the revisionists, to break with Tito, to acquiesce in the execution of Nagy, and so on. As long as he rides from success to success, this may be enough. But he may run into trouble if he fails in any of his daring reforms—if the fat years in farming are followed by lean ones, if the peasants, emboldened by his concessions, increase their demands (as they have been doing here and there), if the workers' discontent with the still desperate shortage of housing grows more acute and vocal, or if once again something goes wrong in eastern Europe.

Of all these possibilities, on which Molotov and his associates bank, none is perhaps more real than that of a setback in farming. Khrushchev has staked much on the success of his slogan "Catch up with American per capita production of meat." Meanwhile, the advance in farming, though considerable, has been far slower than he expected it to be; and a setback might jeopardize the industrial targets of the Seven-Year Plan and most of his social policies.

However, all this does not account fully for the timing and the ferocity of the attacks on the "anti-party group." What aroused Khrushchev's ire and alarmed him was the circumstance that the Stalinist die-hards appear to enjoy a measure of encouragement from Mao Tse-tung or his entourage. (Molotov has probably found his embassy in Outer Mongolia a convenient point for establishing close contact with Peking; and this may explain the rumors about his transfer to The Hague, where he would be cut off from both his Soviet following and his Chinese well-wishers.)

The reasons that have induced the Chinese leadership to make the somersault from the anti-Stalinism of Mao's benevolent "Hundred Flowers" speech to their present dogmatism and that prompted them to favor Khrushchev's adversaries cannot be gone into here. Mao may have been lending support to Molotov from motives either of principle or merely of tactics. However that may be, his role was no less curious and self-contradictory than Khrushchev's: his very defense of the Stalinist die-hards led him to criticize the near-Stalinist manner in which Khrushchev deals with them and to uphold against him the principle of "collective leadership."

Family Quarrel

This was a decisive factor in the tension between Peking and Moscow on the eve of the Twenty-first Congress, a tension whose symptoms were unmistakable. When Khrushchev, in his talk with Senator Humphrey, denounced Mao's people's communes as reactionary, and when Mikoyan followed suit in talks to American bankers and imperialists, relations between Moscow and Peking must have been in a rather critical state. Mao could not fail to protest against so flagrant a violation of all accepted rules of Communist comradeship and solidarity. Khrushchev's and Mikoyan's strictures were obviously meant to serve notice of the reprisals with which Moscow might retort to Mao's

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intervention in the internal Soviet struggle. Just before the Congress, Moscow and Peking probably exchanged fairly vehement messages on this subject; and the omens pointed toward a breach far more momentous than any rupture between Moscow and Belgrade ever was or could be.

Neither Khrushchev nor Mao could face this prospect with equanimity. At the very least they had to try to keep relations between their governments and their military alliance as little affected as possible by the controversy between their parties. It may have been anxiety to preserve these two aspects of Soviet-Chinese relations that led Mao, deeply involved as he had been in the ideological differences, to resign as head of state and to confine himself to his role of party leader.

Both Mao and Khrushchev have for the time being shrunk from bringing their controversy into the open. The risks were too great. For one thing, both had reason to fear that the inner party conflict might wreck the Soviet-Chinese alliance. For another, both were afraid that the breach between them would create a new opening for Tito and the revisionists and finally destroy the monolithic character of the Communist movement, splitting it into three wings: the Titoist and revisionist Right, the Maoist Left and ultra-Left, and the Khrushchevite Center.

Khrushchev was therefore able to produce at the Congress something like a compromise with Mao. For the first time he openly admitted the existence of important differences between Peking and Moscow, differences over the methods of building socialism; and he uttered not a word of approval for the Chinese people's communes. But despite these differences, he said, the Chinese and the Russians were determined to maintain their solidarity vis-à-vis the West; it was mainly in this respect that the relationship between the Russian and the Chinese Communists differed from the relations with the Yugoslavs. Khrushchev then went on to the principle on which that solidarity is to rest—that Communist Parties must not interfere in each other's internal affairs.

In relations between Communist Parties this is a novelty indeed. Hitherto the principle of noninterference has had its application in relations between states only, while the Communist Parties were by definition entitled, and indeed in duty bound, to criticize each other. Noninterference is the formula of Khrushchev's and Mao's latest bargain. It obliges Mao to withdraw support from Molotov & Co. and to acknowledge Khrushchev's leadership, while it obliges Khrushchev and his colleagues to refrain from any criticism of China's way of building socialism and of the peoples' communes in particular. This compromise could also be read between the lines of Mao's message to the Congress and of Chou En-lai's speech.

Khrushchev thus appears to have succeeded at present in closing the breach and consolidating his leadership. Yet the Congress does not seem to have given him a free hand for a showdown in the Stalinist manner with the anti-party group. The speakers were clearly divided over this. While Spiridonov, the leader of the Leningrad organization, demanded that Malenkov, Molotov, and Kaganovich should appear before the Congress and recant, Mikoyan almost openly spoke up against the repetition of these Stalinist practices and urged the Congress to consider the struggle against the anti-party group as a closed chapter.

Khrushchev himself, when he said that in the Soviet Union no one was held in prison for political reasons any longer, gave the Congress something like a pledge that Stalinist purges would not be re-enacted and that the de-Stalinization proclaimed at the Twentieth Congress had not been in vain.

Such at least is the impression one gains from the proceedings of the Twenty-first Communist Party Congress. As during the Twentieth Congress, one cannot be sure that the official record tells the full story. Khrushchev may once again have disclosed the most important part of the story at a secret session; and if so, it may take time before this reaches the outside world.

Classes for the New Class

DAVID BURG

"In my opinion all pupils—without exception—should be engaged in socially useful labor at factories, collective farms, and so forth, when they have finished seven or eight grades." Khrushchev chose these words last September to sum up to the party presidium his projected "reform" of Soviet education.

Perhaps no better evidence of a change in the conduct of Soviet affairs has come to light since Stalin's death than what has turned out to be the defeat of Khrushchev's personal scheme to revolutionize his country's school system. For public objections to the teen-age labor plan triumphed at December's session of the Supreme Soviet. The law the deputies approved has so many loopholes that the principle of "socially useful labor" for every youth, beginning at the age of fifteen, is foredoomed.

Behind this development lay a three-month campaign led by the Soviet professional elite. Parents and educators played the key role. Invited by Khrushchev to take part in an organized "nation-wide discussion," they succeeded in defending the very thing he had attacked: the right of young people to finish secondary and even university education before being assigned to full- or part-time work.

In Russia, membership in the professional classes carries with it far more privileges than in the United States. During my five years as a student at Moscow University, despite the stiff curriculum and sometimes marginal living allowances, I never heard of anyone withdrawing voluntarily. The young Russian's road to opportunity lies inevitably through the *vuzy*—universities and other institutions of higher learning. Self-made men like Khrushchev are a vanishing breed in the new genera-

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tion, even among today's party functionaries; a diploma has become the indispensable passport to a different —and incomparably better—life. Just as the universities are the crucible of the New Class, they are essential to its perpetuation.

My friend Petya was a student at the Geodetical Institute in Moscow until he failed his exams and was drafted into the army. After three years of service he returned to Moscow. But in time the authorities told him that in order to keep his residence permit he would have to find work. Petya passed through a succession of dreary manual jobs. When I last saw him he was working on the assembly line at a fountain-pen factory, with wages of six hundred rubles a month and slight hope of promotion. Had he graduated from the Geodetical Institute, his first job would have paid at least nine hundred rubles, plus a liberal living allowance for field work. Had he shown moderate efficiency he could have hoped in ten years to have an income two to four times his starting salary.

Three Months of Debate

Russian children begin formal schooling at seven. Until now they have been taught under a relatively conservative system introduced in 1934, which provides for seven years of primary preparation (compulsory since the war) and three years of secondary, pre-university training.

Khrushchev's attempt to revise this system can be traced to three vexing state problems: shortages of young manpower caused by the depressed wartime birth rate; student political unrest, which he has said can be curbed by the chastening effect of pre-university work experience; and a whole complex of "lingering bourgeois attitudes," which he blames on the schools.

Last May Khrushchev criticized the educational system for failing to indoctrinate youth with proper respect for physical labor. Parents as well as children, he complained, suffered from the "haughtily contemptuous" view that factory and farm work is "humiliating." He proposed taking young people out of school and throwing them into the machinery of production before they obtained the treasured "certificate of maturity"—the secondary diploma prerequisite to university admission. Night and correspondence courses for working teen-agers would have been the only path to a belated higher education.

No one openly challenged Khrushchev directly during the three-month debate. Implementation of the plan, however, was politely but determinedly talked to death.

Perhaps the most formidable figure to take the field in opposition was organic chemist Aleksander Nesmeyanov, chairman of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. As spokesman for this influential body, Nesmeyanov met the work-before-study theory head-on. "Every stage of education and every subject," he objected, "has its optimum age. My experience shows that for university-level studies this age is from seventeen to twenty-two or twenty-three years. Each year of delay is a loss from the physiological point of view and an enormous loss for the state." Furthermore, he said, aiming again at Khrushchev, "continuity of instruction" is "an important requirement." Nesmeyanov's views were echoed by his colleagues all over the country.

Pravda and *Izvestia* devoted a special page each day to comments from citizens. Smaller newspapers also provided extensive space. At *ad hoc* conferences convened in Moscow and throughout the provinces, groups of educators, industrial managers, agricultural officials, party functionaries, and parents met to voice their opinions. The monolithic strictures that had governed public discussion during Stalin's lifetime were forgotten.

Inevitably, the new school regulations adopted in December follow Khrushchev's formulation closely. They decree that secondary education, "beginning with the ages of fifteen and sixteen years, is accomplished on the basis of union of instruction and productive labor, in order to engage all young people of these ages in socially useful labor." But this principle is effectively canceled out by other provisions.

To accomplish his basic objective, Khrushchev had offered two alternatives for reorganizing the school system. The first of these plans called for young people to go to work as soon as they had finished eight years of elementary schooling. Except for the "unusually gifted," all students would obtain through night and correspondence courses the secondary training required for enrollment at a university. The new law rejects this entirely.

Last September Khrushchev had declared that if general classroom instruction were nonetheless to be continued beyond the eight-year primary level, then "chief emphasis" must be given to vocational training. But a leading educational official speaking at the December Supreme Soviet session when the law was passed made it plain that formal secondary education will remain in force in the Soviet Union, and that nothing like "chief emphasis" will be placed on job training.

Although the ten-year school system has indeed been supplanted by a combination of compulsory primary schools (now *eight* years) and "general-education labor polytechnic schools" (three years), all but one-third of pupils' time at the latter will be devoted to academic courses. The only new departure lies in the addition of an eleventh year of vocational preparation—from the standpoint of the young people themselves, not an undesirable feature. If anything, it runs counter to the scheme to get them out on the job at an earlier age.

The new law overrules Khrushchev on another key issue. In guaranteeing the eligibility of future eleven-year graduates for direct university admission (provided that they do well enough on competitive entrance examinations), it ensures that the schools will continue to be oriented toward preparation for higher education.

THE NEW CLASS, wrote Yugoslav rebel Milovan Djilas, "would like to live quietly. It must protect itself even from its own authorized leaders now that it has been adequately strengthened."

Khrushchev's rebuff was administered primarily by professional people, not by the apparatus of officialdom which composes the essential ingredient of the New Class as Djilas defined it. But the educational debate and its outcome point up Djilas's analysis of Communist society: "As the class grows stronger, the party grows weaker."

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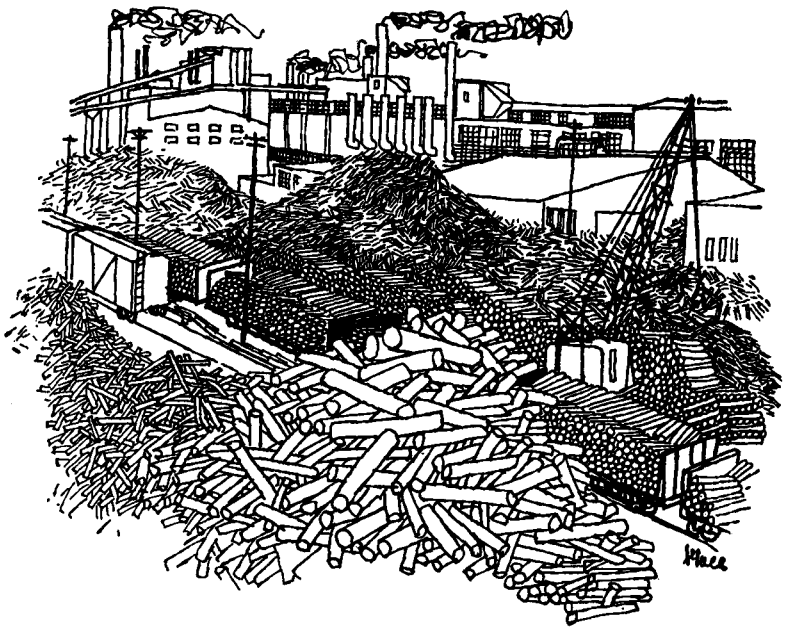

AT HOME & ABROAD

Canada's Case Of the American Jitters

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

CONTEMPLATING their four-thousand-mile undefended southern border, many thoughtful and influential Canadians are beginning to wonder if some defense works are not in order. It's not a radar fence they want, or a row of tank traps, but more subtle ramparts against (1) the steady, large-scale invasion by U.S. industrial capital and (2) the northward extension of U.S. law and policy. In Canadian financial circles especially, these twin invasions look painfully real and also sinister.

They are sometimes morbidly introspective about their country, and ever more apprehensive, these Canadians who study the statistical portents year by year. But they have solid facts and figures to back up their fears. At best, they see Canada as a nation condemned to an indefinite future as hewers of wood and drawers of water for America and the world. At worst, they see Canada largely owned by foreigners and losing its freedom of political action along with its economic independence.

The figures show, for example, that Canada is relatively less of a manufacturing nation than it was a decade ago. In 1947, manufacturing represented nearly thirty-one per cent of all Canadian production. By 1956 it was only 28.6 per cent, and today is still less. The country's exports are largely primary raw materials and farm products. Of the twelve chief export commodities, only newsprint is a manufactured product. This is usually the mark of a colony, not a balanced industrialized nation.

The seers in Toronto who read the statistical tea leaves blame the United States for this dispiriting trend. They charge no conspiracy, no evil intent, no conscious U.S. "imperialism." But their charts show Canada to be more largely foreign-owned than any other industrialized nation. According to a tally made recently by the *Financial Post* of Toronto, Canada's industry is owned forty-one per cent by Canadians, fifty-one per cent by Americans, and eight per cent by others. In such figures, the *Post* discerns a web of foreign control being woven around the nation. And it steadily urges policies to assure the country's economic independence, or at least to diversify its dependences and so escape an unacceptable subservience to the United States.

The *Post* every week and the Toronto *Globe and Mail* every day form a kind of political DEW Line, sounding a Distant Early Warning of invasion from the south. In general, U.S. dollars are welcome in Canada, as foreign capital has been for many decades. But when the investments come too fast, and too much from one foreign country, a nearby colossus, the accumulated dollar obligation becomes a badge of servitude.

THIS IS NOT, of course, the image that meets the casual eye. And the average Canadian's eye is casual. Things look quite rosy to him. Canada is enjoying a prolonged and fairly spectacular economic boom. The Canadian dollar is worth $1.03, and sometimes more, in U.S. currency. But this is quite misleading, because it does not result from any export surplus of goods. It reflects mainly the vast inflow of U.S. investment capital. For every $2 Canadians now invest in their own industry, foreigners invest $1 (75 cents of it American). If the flow of U.S. dollars suddenly stopped (which is not inconceivable), the Canadian dollar probably would drop to 85 cents—because Canada does not export nearly enough to cover its vast imports, which come mostly from the United States. In very round numbers, Canada has been buying $1 billion more goods in the United States than it has been selling there each year.

With their dollar at a premium, Canadians have been encouraged to buy lavishly in the United States. In late years, as a result, Canada's imports have risen nearly twice as fast as the volume of Canadian manufacturing. This high level of imports not only penalizes Canada's own manufacturing; it also adds to the long-term dividend-and-

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interest obligation of Canada to the outer world. In other words, Canadians are buying heavily abroad because they get a "three per cent discount." But in reality it is the flow of investment funds from the United States that is paying for much of those imports. The more prolonged the boom and the greater the inflow of foreign capital, the more oppressive will be the annual dividend-and interest drain on the Canadian economy in future decades.

It has gone pretty far already. U.S. citizens and corporations now own half of Canada's industry, chiefly through some 3,750 subsidiary plants and concerns. For specific industries, the U.S. share varies widely. Canadians own their own steel industry, for example; but the pulp industry is forty-six per cent U.S.-owned; oil and gas, seventy-four per cent; rubber, eighty-eight per cent; and automobiles, ninety-six per cent. As things are going now, Canada can remit across the border without strain the dividends due on U.S.-held enterprises and the interest on money borrowed abroad; in 1957 the total was about $400 million a year net. But if the annual billion-dollar inflow of capital funds should stop, that $400-million annual obligation to absentee owners outside Canada could be burdensome indeed.

The Absentee Landlord

What concerns the Canadians even more, however, is the way in which foreign ownership of Canada's industry is bringing about foreign control. Here are some of the ways in which American control is being exerted, and some of the effects it is having on Canada:

¶ Canadian subsidiaries of U.S. plants are discouraged from engaging in export trade to third countries. "We'll handle that Japanese order from the head office down here," the U.S. corporation tells its subsidiary in Ontario. And the U.S. plant *is* better equipped with export facilities and foreign sales and servicing staff to handle the overseas orders. But the result is to frustrate Canada's hope of becoming a diversified exporter, less dependent on a few primary commodities.

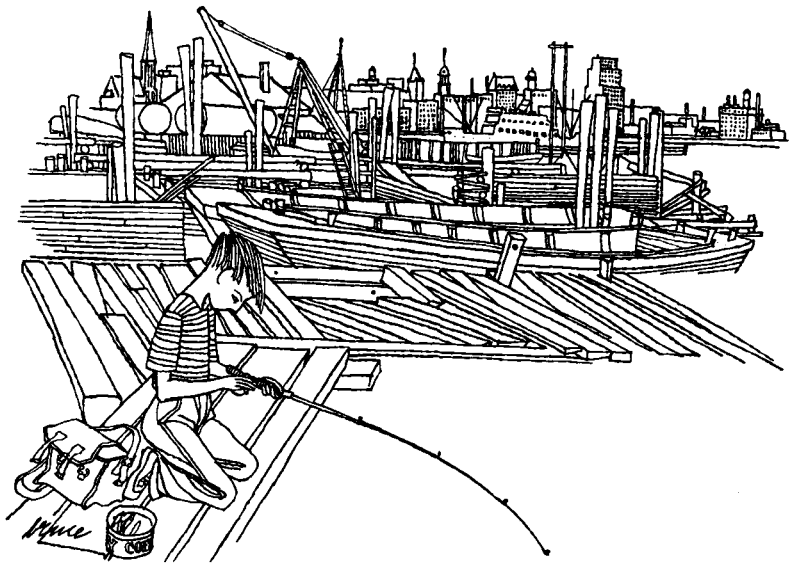
¶ U.S. corporations nearly always prefer to do their research and development work at home, on a centralized basis, and hold their Canadian subsidiaries to straight production work for the Canadian market only. Here again, there usually is a sound economic case for U.S. practice—for concentrating research and engineering work at the home plant, where a larger market provides better support for costly research activities. But this not only offends the pride of Canadians, who see their country's technological development stunted by the restrictive policies of an economic overlord; it also bars the way to young Canadians with technical training, who have no choice but to migrate to the United States to find appropriate jobs and careers. The system tends to siphon off the most talented of Canada's oncoming technologists, in a country reaching for economic maturity in a technological age.

¶ Canadian subsidiaries may be and frequently are told to purchase parts or special raw materials in the United States, rather than from Canadian suppliers or British Commonwealth sources. This either holds back the growth of a more diversified Canadian industry or else prevents Canada from developing its trade with the Commonwealth. And it exaggerates Canada's already ominous dependence on the United States.

¶ Many Canadian subsidiaries of U.S. corporations have been set up merely to extract raw materials—iron ore, pulp, nonferrous metals, timber, asbestos, uranium, and so on—to give the elementary processing required for economical shipment, and then ship to the States. To the troubled Canadian, it looks as though Canada is yielding its irreplaceable natural resources to foreign users at low prices, without making the profit it might by processing *and fabricating* those mineral or forest products. The initial processing of raw materials may require a large investment in plant, but it provides little employment.

¶ Most U.S. corporations have done nothing to enable Canadians to invest directly by stock purchase in their Canadian subsidiaries. These foreign-owned plants are the dominant sector of Canada's industry. But in very few of them do Canadians have even a small equity. Actually, the Canadian people accumulate enough capital each year to finance the expansion of their industrial plant. Alternatively, they *could* acquire ownership of a meaningful percentage of these U.S. branch plants. But there are virtually no securities to be bought. These are nearly all wholly owned subsidiaries, and they issue no shares of their own for public purchase.

¶ When a branch plant in Hamilton or Kitchener needs a new manager, the most natural thing for the home office in Schenectady or Pittsburgh is to send up a bright young fellow who has had a broad experience in the company's operations. And that almost invariably means an American. The result is that the door to advancement into executive



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positions is closed to young Canadians, even if it is not locked tight. To the Canadian, even if he doesn't have a chip on his shoulder to begin with, this is a kind of colonialism, with the best jobs reserved for men from the "mother country."

¶ In some cases, subsidiaries of U.S. concerns back away from support of community-fund drives, campaigns for Canadian universities, and the like. Evidence here is conflicting, but unquestionably some U.S. branch plants do not meet the criteria for "good citizens." Also, these subsidiaries do not help support Canadian political parties by contributions. This is understandable, since any such contributions would be illegal if made by the home office in the United States. But in Canada this is normal practice.

¶ What would happen in another real American depression? This question haunts many a Canadian. Without much proof one way or the other from the past record, they fear that Canadian branch plants would be closed down first, in order to consolidate production in U.S. plants and cushion the shock down there. Even if this fear is greatly exaggerated, it remains a fact that Canada's economy is steadily more dependent on the ups and downs of the U.S. business cycle.

The foreseeable end product of this process, as many Canadians see it, is the transfer to the leaders of U.S. corporate business of the power to make high-level policy for the Canadian economy.

THE ALARM of bankers and economic writers in Toronto and Montreal and the apprehension of national-minded political leaders in Ottawa are not fully shared by all Canadians. They are shared least of all in the smaller manufacturing cities of Ontario where the long arm of American corporate enterprise has made itself felt most heavily. In Hamilton, a busy, prosperous city of 250,000, I found business leaders, community figures, and editors quite happy with the subsidiaries of U.S. corporations—Westinghouse, Otis Elevator, and Procter & Gamble, for instance.

American-owned plants bulk large in the local economy of Hamilton. But they are appraised as "good citizens" in all respects. The American manager of one of them heads the current fund drive for McMaster College. American executives seem to "go native" quite easily in the informal life of industrial Ontario. American concerns, various community leaders told me, have brought employment and growth to Hamilton. In good part, they account for the prosperity of the city by their expanding payrolls—which is good for all the secondary enterprises of the community. Should more U.S. branch plants migrate northward, Hamilton will roll out the welcome mat. If this is exploitation, the people of that city would like to be exploited some more.

In London, Ontario, where U.S. plants such as General Motors Diesel comprise a major segment of local industry, I encountered few complaints. In nearby Kitchener (U.S. Rubber, Goodrich), the prevailing attitude was the same cordiality, although I did find some resentment at the barriers to advancement of younger Canadian executives. There also was some feeling that the net effect of U.S. capital is to keep Canada the breadbasket and raw-materials source for America, instead of giving it a balanced economic development.

Logically, Windsor should be the acid test. If there is an economic invasion, Windsor must be classed as occupied territory. Fully seventy-five per cent of the industry of the city is American-owned and -controlled. This is not mainly a bedroom suburb for Detroit: it is one big complex of branch plants, producing for the seventeen million people north of the line what Detroit produces for the one hundred and seventy million people south of the line. Windsor's civic leaders look out across the river to the fabulous skyline of Detroit. They know their city is a satellite of Detroit, not an integral part of Canada in the full sense. But several of them assured me with emphasis that the U.S.-owned plants are "good citizens." Some, to be sure, resented the clannish habits of the American executives in the motor plants. On the whole, however, Windsor confirms the testimony of other Canadian cities that have numerous U.S.-owned enterprises. The Canadians who live with the invaders welcome them and approve of them. To most of them, unless they are in directly competitive fields of production, U.S. investment in Canada is the broad highway to more jobs, more trade, and faster community growth.

Exporting the Sherman Act

Yet even those who see no danger for Canada in the dominance of foreign ownership can be roused to indignation by another sort of intrusion—the extension of U.S. law and policy to Canada. One vivid case was the refusal of Ford of Canada to sell one thousand motor trucks to China. The facts are elusive. Perhaps Ford of Canada didn't trust the faith and credit of Mao Tse-tung's agents. Maybe it feared an adverse reaction from the public—especially in the United States. Or maybe it was told flatly by U.S. Ford to steer clear of a transaction that would be illegal for the U.S. parent corporation.

Whatever the correct story, many Canadians see the affair as new proof that the U.S. State Department is imposing its own Far Eastern policy on Canadian industry—the American-owned half of it. The reaction is bitter, because Canadians are convinced (1) that they should have a slice of the China trade and (2) that U.S. Far Eastern policy is unrealistic, unjust, shortsighted, and downright dangerous. They don't like America's hero worship of Chiang Kai-shek. They don't like John Foster Dulles's brinkmanship. And they don't like Washington's cavalier indifference to Canada's dissenting opinion in this realm of policy. These initial resentments are heightened when they see (or think they see) a large export order lost because a major Canadian industry (because it is American-affiliated) can be compelled to conform with America's political foreign policy.

That irritating incident occurred months ago, and the issue already is academic. But a new and more flagrant case has arisen to re-create for Canadians the specter of American power spilling over the frontier. This is the anti-trust suit filed by the Department of Justice against Westinghouse, General Electric, and Philips (Netherlands), naming also eight Canadian radio-TV-electronics

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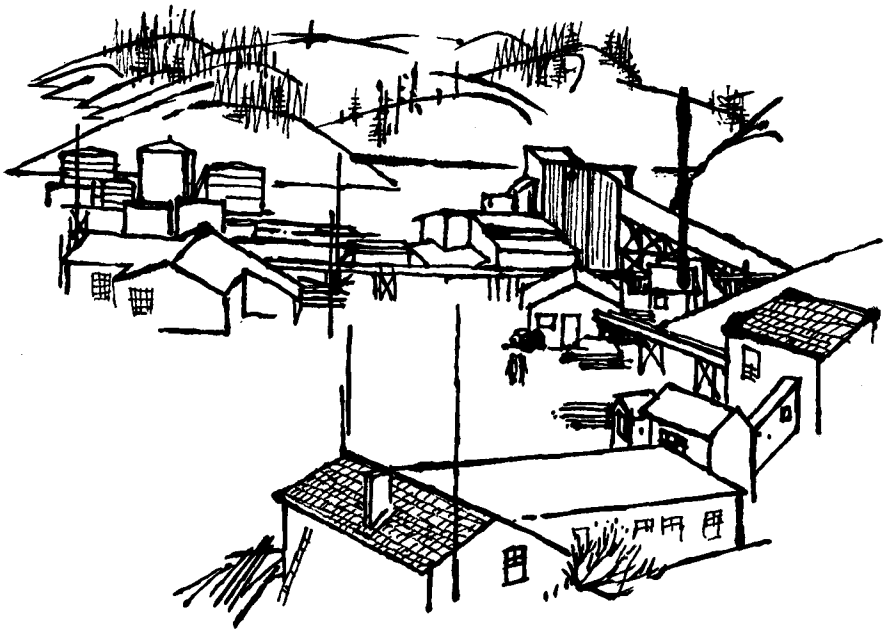
companies as co-conspirators. This Canadians see as an attempt to break up the Canadian radio-patents pool, formed in 1926 in conformity with Canadian law to make radio patents available to all manufacturers in Canada.

As it works in Canada, this pool is not in restraint of trade. Owned jointly by several major Canadian electronics manufacturers, it acquires patent rights in the radio-electronics field for all who want to manufacture radios, TV sets, and such, in Canada. It collects the royalties and pays them over to the appropriate patent owners. The pool was meant to promote Canadian use of patents and to discourage imports of radio and TV sets. And it has done so. Imports in late years have been only about one per cent of the total sales of such apparatus in Canada. Any American electronics producer can go into Canada, set up a branch plant, get patent rights from the pool, and do business. However, his U.S.-produced equipment is effectively shut out of the Canadian market.

The evident purpose of the suit is to bring such pressure on corporations doing business in the United States—and thus on their Canadian subsidiaries—as to bring about the collapse of the Canadian patents pool. It almost appears, to some Canadians at least, that the Sherman Act now reaches far beyond the frontiers of the United States and cuts a wide swath in the Canadian economy. Just how sovereign, they are asking, is a country whose economy can be subjected to the anti-trust laws of a larger neighbor?

They Want Home Rule

Remedies? Canada *could* stop the inflow of U.S. capital, just as thoroughly as it stopped the inflow of U.S.-made radios. It *could* throttle the movement of imports from the United States, by quotas, tariffs, exchange controls. It *could* redistribute its trade deliberately and buy much more heavily in the Commonwealth. But these are desperate measures. Although some Canadians feel so strongly about the issue that they would be willing to depart from the tradition of free investment in order to protect their political and economic independence, most of them realize that their country is already so far out on the limb of economic dependence on the United States that it cannot climb back without major hazard. Actually, some correctives were at work in 1958. Imports from the United States declined fourteen per cent from 1957 while exports scarcely declined at all. This cut the excess of imports over exports to about $500 million. At the same time, direct U.S. investment dropped from more than $1 billion to $800 million. If this proves to be a trend rather than an isolated repercussion of the U.S. recession, it will go some way to check the process that so alarms the Canadians.



The fact of dependence, of foreign ownership of Canadian industry, is nobody's fault, really. Nobody planned it that way. But the U.S economy is fourteen times bigger. By doing what comes naturally, U.S. investors and corporations have become the owners of half of Canada's industry, while other foreigners own another eight per cent slice. And the end is not in sight.

If this subtle, unobtrusive bondage of industrial ownership stood alone, it would remain the worry of only a handful of financiers and economists and government officials. But in reality it is only one of several kindred grievances. Last year Canadians woke up suddenly to the fact that command over their entire air-defense forces was handed to NORAD, under an American general at Colorado Springs. They were also shocked to learn that their fine new Avro Arrow supersonic jet fighter plane is to be laid on the shelf, even though it is possibly better than any American counterpart extant, because it doesn't fit into missile-minded Pentagon defense plans. More and more Canadians are becoming alarmed at the rising power that American labor leaders exercise in Canada, sometimes unconsciously, through trade unions that long ago spread across the undefended border.

MOST OF ALL, the southward shift of economic power generated by the northward flow of investment dollars is taken with grave concern because it looks like the final step tying Canada irrevocably—and helplessly—to U.S. policy, brinkmanship and all. Canadians know far more about the United States than Americans know about Canada, and so naturally they are more realistic. They know they are only one-fourteenth the size in economic terms and therefore have to ride in the same boat with the giant—above all in foreign and military policy. And being sensible despite their apprehensions, they don't want to rock the boat. Nevertheless, they would like to be consulted by the pilot, oftener and more attentively, about courses and speeds.

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Morals and Morale In the Fifth Republic

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

AT THE END of January, a month after President Charles de Gaulle had presented the nation with his "truth and severity" financial program, the French papers discreetly announced an official information campaign to educate the public about its objectives. "A virtual public-relations service is being created," one commentator explained, "which will mobilize press, radio, and television in accordance with American techniques."

The new campaign, guided by Roger Vaurs, French director of information in New York, and touched off by a fireside talk by de Gaulle, reflects the new emphasis on public relations already manifested by several leaders of the new régime during the electoral campaign last fall. But it also reveals something much graver: a crisis of public confidence gradually building up since the beginning of the year which, unless soon resolved, could not only stall economic recovery but also undermine the foundations of the Gaullist régime. For the French people are already displaying some unmistakable symptoms of disillusionment with the Fifth Republic.

There is little economic justification for this sudden mistrust here. It will probably be at least three months before the national economy is out of the woods, but on the whole the drastic and necessarily hazardous recovery program seems to have got off to a good technical start. On the monetary front it has achieved—at least temporarily—a smashing success. The new "heavy franc"—which was devalued by nearly eighteen per cent and then stripped of a couple of zeros to make it look like the pre-1914 franc—has been holding up well on the international exchange markets, and the gold hemorrhage of last year has been stopped. In fact, $350 million in gold or hard currencies flowed back into France within the first thirty days after devaluation, while the Bourse enjoyed its first real boom in nearly two years. The mild business recession of the last few months shows no signs of getting out of control despite the deflationary aspects of the recovery program. On the crucial domestic price front the reports are more mixed, but the increase in the cost of living does not so far appear to have gone much beyond the calculations of the government experts—around eight per cent.

A Season of Scandals

The more present danger to the régime is the demoralizing impact on the public mind of a whole nest of ugly scandals that the French press has suddenly, and rather mysteriously, stumbled upon. There are three of them.

The most spectacular of the current scandals is a Balzacian family drama crossed with a contemporary cloak-and-dagger thriller. It involves one of the country's biggest fortunes, a photogenic call girl, and a prominent Resistance hero who last May was one of the important chiefs of the clandestine Gaullist organization that worked to bring about the general's return to power. This underground leader, Major Camille Rayon, who serves as a district boss of the Gaullist Union for the New Republic in southeast France, says that he was hired to murder a handsome, shiftless young man named Jean-Paul Guillaume, adopted son of the late art dealer Paul Guillaume and prospective heir to the mining fortune of the late Jean Walter, his adoptive mother's second husband. Rayon says he was told by his alleged employer—a close friend of Mme. Walter—that the killing would be in the national interest; when he discovered that the intended victim was a parachute officer decorated under fire in Algeria he told Guillaume the whole story, faked the murder, collected his fee—about $23,000—and then went to the police.

While paying tribute to Major Rayon's patriotic scruples, some Frenchmen feel it is a little disturbing that one of the Fifth Republic's new elite should have let himself be approached in the first place for such an assignment. "Hero or not," remarks the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné*, "Major Rayon's name seems to have been listed in a curious sort of directory . . . There must be Colt boys just as there are call girls." And the fact that Rayon was introduced to his murderously inclined employer by a minor ex-

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ecutive of the leading Gaullist weekly has been widely noted.

The second scandal mainly besmirches the Fourth Republic rather than the Fifth, but it is not certain that these numerical distinctions are wholely clear in the public mind. It is a gamy morals case, mingling juvenile and senile delinquency, said to involve twenty-two Parisian notables, including a high government appointee, a police official, and André Le Troquer, who as president of the National Assembly was the second-ranking personage of the Fourth Republic. Le Troquer has been indicted. Statements he has made in his defense paint a picture of his personal associations and of the kind of night life prevailing at the suburban Château de Butord, which the state allotted for his use, that adds no dignity to the memory of the defunct régime.

The degree to which the case has worried conscientious Gaullists is reflected in an editorial addressed to the general by Maurice Clavel, one of his ardent supporters in *Combat*. "Since last November the social classes of the nation have been admirable. In their name and in the name of your pity for them we are obliged to ask you to be pitiless."

LEAST conspicuous in the pages of the nation's press but possibly uppermost in the minds of its taxpayers is the so-called devaluation scandal, whose most scandalous feature is that in a sense it is no scandal at all, since nobody concerned in it appears to have committed any offense clearly defined by law. Thanks to timely leaks, a number of individuals and business firms or consortiums are known to have made huge profits on the devaluation of the franc. General de Gaulle is reported to have expressed indignation, but investigations carried out by his staff —paralleling one ordered by Wilfred Baumgartner, president of the Bank of France—are said to have indicated that the speculators (at least all the big ones) operated within the letter of the law. The public, of course, would like to know how the speculators knew that devaluation was impending, but this is a question which the government up to now has been unable or unwilling to answer.

The potential gravity of the devaluation scandal was underlined by the conservative *Aurore*, which is normally an enthusiastic supporter of Finance Minister Antoine Pinay. "The public needs to know whether certain individuals by virtue of their functions had access to secret information and directly or indirectly exploited it for speculative purposes. If so, they were guilty of betrayal of the public trust."

The cumulative psychological effect of these scandals—and of others perhaps to come—is serious. General de Gaulle's hold both on public opinion and on the apparatus of the state is strong enough to prevent the Communists or the revolutionaries of the extreme Right from exploiting the present scandals the way both exploited the Stavisky scandal under the Third Republic; no furious mobs are apt to fill the Place de la Concorde this month as they did in February, 1934. But if the government's economic program—on which the future of the nation depends—is to succeed, it needs the confidence

of the public in the integrity and fair-mindedness of its leaders. And that is just what is being impaired.

The unimpressive performance of the new Gaullist National Assembly adds to the public disillusionment. It wound up a short special session at the end of January by voting in defiance of de Gaulle's wishes and its own rules of procedure a woolly resolution on Algeria that recalls the excesses of nationalist demagoguery under the Fourth Republic.

A few hours later, in his first fireside talk since he became president, de Gaulle denounced the vanity of the "slogans and bragging" and warned that if the balance between the legislative and executive branches got out of line he was counting on public opinion to support him in setting things straight again—a veiled allusion to the presidential prerogative of dissolution.

Mendès-France Found Out

Many of the measures that accompanied the recent devaluation of the franc—notably the lifting of import quotas in nine out of ten categories and the suppression of government subsidies or special tax privileges for various domestic producers—had hidden purposes. Besides relieving the strain on the national budget and striking a blow for the principle of economic liberalism, the measures served to promote the economic revolution that has been under way in France for some time. In the process they have brought the de Gaulle régime into violent conflict with practically every organized group that has some kind of vested interest in backwardness.

From the outset, the Left has naturally been dismayed over the social implications of an economic policy aimed at curtailing consumption by holding down wages while letting prices climb. This "revenge of the technocrats" involves what the Left considers a flagrant injustice in the way the sacrifices are distributed. But the main threat to de Gaulle's leadership comes from his own followers, especially those of the Right. Albin Chalandon, a prominent banker and the leading economic light of the U.N.R.—he is reported to be close to Jacques Soustelle—has publicly criticized the general's economic program as heading in the right direction but "needlessly going too far too ruthlessly."

Former Premier Pierre Mendès-France, who five years ago tried somewhat more cautiously to let the light of twentieth-century economic reason into the jungle of entrenched pressure groups in France, learned to his bitter cost the political hazards

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of interfering with the divine right of French peasants and small businessmen to be rewarded by the state for producing inefficiently what the country does not need. His defeat in the recent legislative elections was probably due less to his opposition to General de Gaulle than to his magnificently misguided efforts to convince his constituents that milk is a healthier drink than Calvados and to his quixotic crusade against the beetroot lobby, which is perhaps the most powerful and toughest in France.

Undeterred by this example, the general's experts seem to have made a systematic effort to rid the national economy of marginal or parasitic organisms by depriving them of artificial nourishment and leaving them naked to the icy winds of European competition, thus speeding up the process of economic natural selection set in motion by the European Common Market.

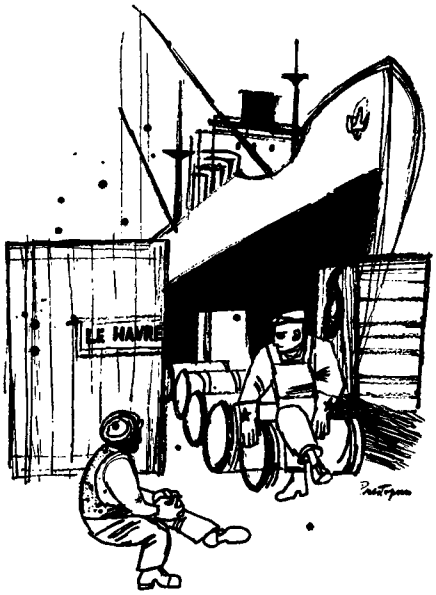
FROM THE STRICTLY economic viewpoint this is undoubtedly sound medicine for France. It is possible, however, that de Gaulle's "technocrats"—i.e., government experts co-operating with the managerial elite of progressive big business—may have underrated the social tensions already generated by the fevered pace of France's modernization. These tensions were strong enough to produce the great Poujadist surge in 1956, and the ruthlessness of the present reforms can hardly fail to multiply them.

Professor André Siegfried, the dean of French political scientists, has expressed concern over some of the implications of the present situation. After praising de Gaulle for his "noble disdain" for popularity—including his popularity with the leaders of the May 13 Algiers uprising that brought him to power—and noting that his economic program has given almost unprecedented scope to the nation's most qualified experts, Siegfried remarks in a recent *Figaro* article:

"History will tell whether it was a political error not to have made use of the experts, but to have unleashed their passion for reform . . . Was it wise to attack so indiscriminately so many entrenched interests, which in a country like France are determined to defend themselves with every weapon available?"

Green Lawns in the Desert

The recent flare-up of fighting in Algeria, with the rebel F.L.N. scoring a number of minor but painful successes, has likewise helped to thicken the political atmosphere. It was a particularly telling blow to



French morale when on January 23 the rebels succeeded in blowing up the oil train from Touggourt to the coast. But the Algerian picture is by no means all dark, as I discovered during a recent visit. De Gaulle's characteristically magnanimous gesture of clemency on moving into the Elysée and his bold if only partly successful defiance of the Algerian lobby in the National Assembly appear to have made quite a deep impression on moderate Moslem opinion, already inclined to put faith in the general. And some four hundred miles south of Algiers in the bare desert tableland around Hassi Messaoud, pocked with shallow sandy depressions like moon craters, I was able to see with my own eyes that the talk about the fabulous oil wealth of the Sahara is no propaganda mirage. All the experts now agree that the oil is really there; at least 600 million tons of it, probably about a billion tons; possibly much more. Already eighteen productive wells are tapping proved reserves that allow generous comparison with Middle East oil fields, and new strikes are constantly enlarging the charted contours of the underground swamp that contains the oil.

Drilling and servicing the wells is a tough problem under Saharan conditions, but proof that the French have managed to solve it is furnished by the marvelously contrived and organized artificial city for four thousand oil workers that rises like a mirage out of the sands, with its air-conditioned living quarters, its shaded streets, its swimming pool, its movies, its restaurants, and its incredible strips of bright-green lawn—flown in, like nearly everything but the derricks, from Algiers.

It is true that getting oil to the coast is an even tougher problem, and that the French have not solved it. The present system of moving the oil by baby pipeline to Touggourt 120 miles north and thence to the coast by rail produces only a symbolic trickle—and a precarious one at that. But starting next October, the oil of Hassi Messaoud will flow to the sea through a two-foot underground pipeline at the initial rate of four million tons a year. Year by year the figure will mount as new pumping stations come into operation until in 1965 it reaches its peak of thirty million tons—as against France's total consumption from all sources last year of about twenty million. Since Hassi Messaoud is only one of several big new oil fields in the Sahara, since the natural-gas resources of the Sahara are ultimately even greater than the oil resources, and since the critical weakness of the French economy has long been its dependence on imported sources of energy, it is easy to see that the potentialities of the Sahara open up revolutionary economic possibilities for France—in fact for all of western Europe—and provide a solid base for de Gaulle's dreams of grandeur.

Of course there is still one difficulty. The pipelines must be protected and kept open. Despite the apparent vulnerability of pipelines to sabotage, the French seem sincerely confident that they can profitably operate the Hassi Messaoud line even if the Algerian war drags on. Unless the heavily guarded pumping stations are hit, the French say, any sabotage of the pipeline that does occur can be repaired within a few hours. This may be an optimistic

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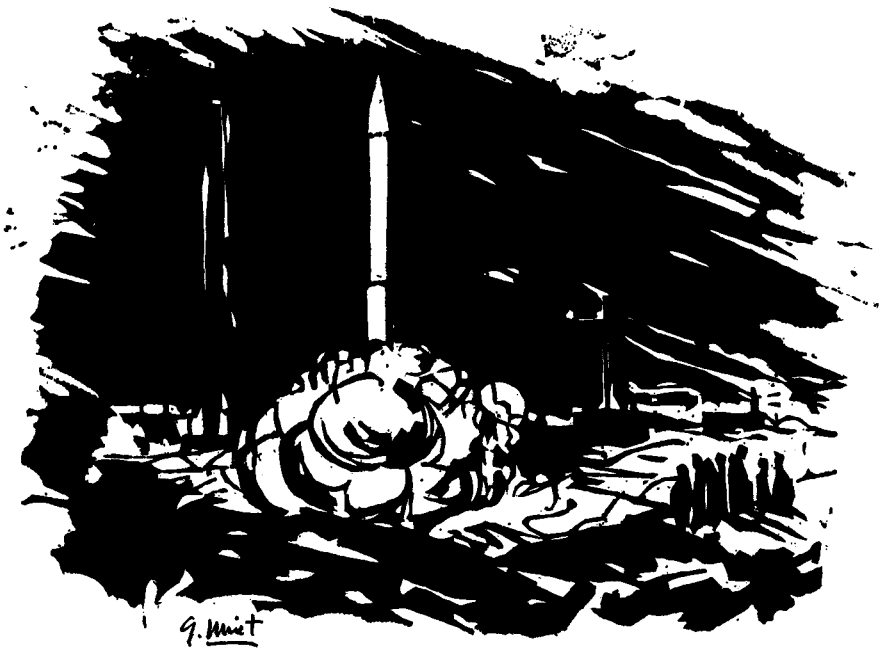
viewpoint, but it seems reasonable to guess that the French can keep sabotage of the Saharan pipelines and oil installations within tolerable limits if they are willing to pay the price—and they can afford to pay an immense price in francs. The price in blood that can be afforded by the nation is harder to estimate.

Something Might Break

In the long run the human factors may prove more decisive than the purely technical ones. De Gaulle's economic program—and with it the foundations of his régime—could be wrecked if the Debré government, which has to apply it, displays either too little or too much firmness. If too many concessions are made to the lobbies, the benefits of devaluation will rapidly be eaten away; if Finance Minister Pinay and Premier Debré, blind to everything but the statistics supplied by their experts, refuse to take any account of the hardships inflicted by the program both on individual businessmen and on the mass of low-income consumers, serious social or political conflicts may break out.

Indeed, if the Fifth Republic were a classic parliamentary democracy like the Fourth, no crystal ball would be needed to predict, for a not-too-distant future, a disastrous clash between Debré's cabinet of "technocrats" and the spokesmen for the multifarious legitimate and illegitimate interests of the nation who make up the National Assembly. Fortunately, General de Gaulle has made it abundantly clear that in moving into the Elysée he has not relinquished ultimate direction of the nation's affairs; the Fifth Republic is to be even more "presidential" than the bare text of the 1958 constitution suggests. And de Gaulle, for all his ruthlessness and his obsession with an ideal of French grandeur that at times seems majestic but inhuman, is no mere technocrat. Ever since he emerged from retirement last May, he has demonstrated an astonishingly sure intuition of the human factor in public affairs, not to mention a deftness in maneuver that is often more reminiscent of Louis XI than of Jeanne d'Arc. The next few months may well put both his intuition and his political deftness to their most decisive test.



Mr. McElroy's Maginot Line

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

Late in January, Secretary of Defense Neil H. McElroy told the Senate Preparedness subcommittee and the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences that instead of trying to match the Russians "missile for missile" in the intercontinental range, the United States will maintain superiority in over-all striking power with a "diversified" arsenal of intercontinental and shorter-range missiles and, for the next year or two, heavy bombers. The question therefore arises: can this "diversified" arsenal redress the ICBM balance?

The United States is planning to build eight squadrons of intermediate-range ballistic missiles. This amounts to 120 missiles. They will have a fifty per cent reliability, according to Major General Bernard A. Schriever, commanding the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division. The first and perhaps the second squadron will be operational in Great Britain this year. It has been reliably estimated, however, that the Russians will have between 600 and 1,000 such missiles in operation this year. Confirmation of this estimate comes from Khrushchev himself, in an interview with Peter Dempson of the Toronto *Star* in October, 1957: "As for the military bases in Europe, Africa and Asia, rockets have *long since* been available which can reach any point in these continents."

The submarine-launched Polaris IRBM is another part of the United States' "diversified" arsenal. Nine Polaris submarines are or soon will be under way, as a result of past and prospective appropriations. The first is expected to be ready in 1960. The first Polaris missiles will have a range of 1,200 miles—as against the 1,500-mile range originally planned—and will have a warhead with a relatively low yield. They will also have a low degree of accuracy. This means that one submarine has the missiles to take on only two or three targets, depending upon their nature and the range. If three Polaris submarines are completed in 1962, these will be enough for no more than nine targets. But the Polaris

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has another disadvantage. Not much more than one-third of the submarine fleet can be kept on station at a time, unless there is advance notice of an emergency. Consequently, even if all the Polaris submarines under construction were to be ready in 1962, they would add but little to the relative power of our arsenal.

But even in this field, as in ICBMs and IRBMs, the United States trails. Rear Admiral John T. Hayward, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for research and development, has said: "There's no reason why they [the Russians] couldn't put as many as a hundred [missile-firing submarines] off our coasts if they wanted to." Indeed, the huge Soviet submarine program makes sense only in terms of providing launching platforms for missiles with nuclear warheads.

THE UNITED STATES has no ballistic missile in its "diversified" arsenal between the bottom range of its soon to be operational IRBM, which is about 1,000 miles, and the top range of the Army's Redstone ballistic missile, which is 200 miles. It is precisely in these ranges that the Russians have thousands of missiles, with which they can blanket all our NATO allies in Europe. With the greater accuracy of the short ranges, the Soviet missiles can fire effectively at underground missile pads and destroy them. Computation shows that at such distances four, five, or six of these missiles will have a ninety per cent probability of knocking out a European-based United States IRBM on a "hardened" missile pad. In contrast, twenty to thirty U.S. longer-range missiles would be needed to destroy a "hardened" Soviet missile pad.

It is in these ranges, where the United States has no ballistic missiles at all and where the 500-mile Pershing is not likely to be operational for two years or more, that the missile gap is glaring. We do have weapons for these ranges in the pilotless bombers, Matador and Mace. The Matador is reported to have a range of 600 miles and the later Mace one of about 1,000 miles. Both are subsonic and thus are easy victims to interceptors and air-defense missiles. The Mace has a better guidance and can be programmed for low-altitude flight for part of its journey. But it can be shot down by air-defense missiles such as our own Hawk. These winged missiles are an interim substitute for the much more effective ballistic missiles. But their numbers are small and their effectiveness, in comparison with ballistic missiles that cannot be intercepted, is slight.

Cavalry Concepts

Long-range heavy and medium bombers and carrier-based aircraft make up the remainder of the diversified arsenal to which McElroy referred. These must first escape destruction on their bases from hostile ballistic-missile bombardment and then penetrate Soviet air-defense interceptors and missiles. The medium B-47s are already obsolete, according to Senator Stuart Symington, former Secretary of the Air Force, or obsolescent, according to General Thomas D. White, Chief of Staff of the Air Force. Since their range is short, they must be operated from overseas bases. But as a consequence of the Soviet missile threat the overseas bases are already, in Air Force thinking, untenable as home bases. The B-47s therefore must start from a U.S. base, refuel in flight or touch down at overseas bases, and possibly refuel again en route to the target.

The heavy B-52s must be refueled for most missions. They are subsonic and subject to air-defense interceptors and missiles. Recognizing this danger, the Air Force is now frantically developing "standoff" missiles for them to carry. These can be released 500 to 1,000 miles from the target and will continue toward it on a ballistic trajectory. A B-52 can carry two 1,000-mile Bold Orions, a sort of air-borne Polaris. But the yield of the two air-carried missiles would be only about one-fiftieth of the yield of the bombs a B-52 can carry, and the accuracy would be much less than that of a land-based IRBM. The bomber appears to have gotten into a situation much like the U.S. Cavalry's before the Second World War. In its efforts to stay in existence, the cavalry was shipping its mounts in horse trailers in order to keep up with the motorized infantry for which it was supposed to reconnoiter. Now the bomber is hauling missiles around because it dare not go near its target.

Everyone agrees, even the Russians, that bombers are still needed. Missile targets must be precisely located before a war starts, while bombers would be able to find and attack targets of opportunity or targets that were unknown before a war. They are much more accurate than missiles. But with the advances in air defense and the danger of destruction on their bases, bombers are considerably less reliable as a means of delivery than ballistic missiles. The Soviet Union's intercontinental bomber force is about a third as large as ours, while its medium bomber force is about the same size. Around 1955, the Russians were building and developing bombers with the utmost urgency. But later that year, or in 1956, the bombers lost priority and the urgency was transferred to missiles. It is reported that the Soviet missile effort in the past few years has been twice as great as ours.

IT IS DIFFICULT to understand the Secretary of Defense's faith in our "diversified" arsenal. It is easier to understand how it all came about. The United States has made a Maginot Line out of the Strategic Air Command. General Curtis LeMay built SAC into the largest, most complex, and most effective and ready military instrument in history. Into its building went the revolutionary ardor of the Air Force, after a thirty-year struggle for recognition of the importance of air power.

But hardly had this revolution succeeded than another was overtaking it. The revolutionaries of yesterday have become the reactionaries of today. Just as the cavalry demanded control of tanks but refused to buy them because it would have to give up horses, so the Air Force gained control of long-range missiles but until quite recently spent its money on airplanes and winged pilotless bombers and interceptors that it miscalls missiles. The freedom of flying and the emotional attachment to it as a way of life have been the blinders that kept the Air Force from developing ballistic missiles and also kept it from giving the Army, which wanted the job, a chance to do it.

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'Operation Truth': A Cuban Diary

AL NEWMAN

WEDNESDAY, *January 21, 9:30 A.M.* The Cubana Airlines Viscount swings smoothly out over the coast of Florida on its way to Havana. I am amazed to be here; it happened pretty suddenly. Dr. Fidel Castro Ruz, commander in chief of the 26th of July Revolutionary Movement, which assumed power in Cuba New Year's Day after the flight of Fulgencio Batista, feels abused by the press treatment his régime—and particularly its trials and executions of what it calls "war criminals"—has been getting. So he has invited hundreds of journalists from all over the Americas to visit Cuba at the expense of the new government to see a mass demonstration by a million Cubans demanding the death of the malefactors, attend a press conference at which they may ask any questions they like, and witness the public trial of three men accused of multiple murders. It might be called a free trial demonstration.

9:45. The stewardess gives out copies of the morning English-language Havana *Post,* which is loudly pro-Castro, and I permit myself to wonder what kind of stuff it was printing up to December 31, 1958. The main headline today reads: "Giant Rally on Today; Trials Here Tomorrow." The story under it says the meeting is to be held at 2 P.M.; another front-page story gives the time as three. I think this rather odd, but I have yet to be indoctrinated in Cuban ideas about time. The main story says there will be an eighteen-hour work stoppage starting at 6 A.M. "Only newspapers, radio and television will be working as well as electrical, telephone, telegraph, railroad and bus workers." This seems a sensible arrangement if you want to get people to your rally—as Castro obviously does—and tell the world about it afterward. On page 4 is a column called "Cuban Sidelights" by Gonzalo de Quesada y Miranda, who always has to have a two-column layout on account of his byline. It signalizes the arrival of my colleagues from New York last night to attend "*Operación Verdad*" —"Operation Truth." It quotes Frank McGee of NBC as saying, "I have never seen such a gentle people in my life." A St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* man declares: "This is one of the most idealist revolutions I've covered, and this is my sixth." He is obviously the *P.-D.'s* revolutions expert, a highly specialized trade.

10:15: The Cuban pilot puts her down smoothly after a short flight over the neat red-earth fields of northwest Cuba. Two militiamen sporting red-and-black armbands with the legend M. 26-7, one toting an American carbine, the other a bolt-action British Lee-Enfield, escort the passengers to the airport building. We newsmen are met by a man from the Association of Journalists, who are to act as our hosts and guides, and are whisked through customs and immigration like visiting royalty—only to wait fifteen minutes for a limousine. The sun beats down wickedly from a cloudless sky, and the humidity must be close to a hundred per cent. Temperatures were supposed to reach eighty degrees in Miami today, but here it is already that. In one of the busy aisles a black cur lies sprawled out fast asleep, and the Cuban passers-by step around him carefully. Are these the people who this afternoon will be shouting for blood?

10:40. The outskirts of Havana look quite American, barring the canefields. There are ugly billboards, most of them advertising U.S. gasolines and soft drinks. At the fringe of the city proper, we pass the new Sports Coliseum where the trials are to be held the following day. It is white, circular, and three-tiered. It looks like a gigantic wedding cake. Farther in is the enormous statue of the poet-patriot José Martí, who was killed in the 1895 uprising against Spain. That was in Oriente Province, and so, too, is San Juan Hill; Castro's major operations, if you could call his raids and campaign of moral attrition that, were in Oriente, and so was his Sierra Maestra lair. Far from Havana, Oriente has been the cradle of rebellions and liberations. It is ideal guerrilla country.

Across from the Martí Monument is the unfinished National Theater, a pile of stone and glass. Like most public architecture here, it is positively megalomaniacal. Behind it lie the worst kind of corrugated-iron slums, their squalor mercifully hidden by tropical foliage. Batista must have been out of his mind, but after all, he and his henchmen were taking an estimated thirty per cent "commission" on all public works, and this one must have been bring-

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ing him in plenty until the political roof fell in and his soldiers refused to fight.

A Wide-Eyed Fidelity

11:10. We arrive at the Havana Riviera, which is pretty megalomaniacal in its own right. Light green, sixteen or seventeen stories high, and right on the esplanade that overlooks the blue sea of Ernest Hemingway's Old Man, the structure is in the form of an attenuated "Y." A great turquoise-blue mosaic dome on the right of the long concrete entrance tunnel used to be the casino. It is now chastely closed off from the lobby with a red-velvet rope, for Castro and his government-in-process-of-formation haven't made up their minds about gambling.

The lobby is about a hundred yards long, and makes the Waldorf look faintly dingy. It is all done in marble, cleanly executed and uncluttered. Toward the far end are two areas of modernistic furniture surrounding an acre or two of mustard-colored rug. Militiamen guard the entrance, and slouch by in twos and threes. An added touch is a sprinkling of peasants, mustachioed, pajamaed, and straw-hatted, lounging about the premises. (Cubans certainly know how to lounge.) They are witnesses for the forthcoming trials, and they are wide-eyed at all this plushness. So, for that matter, am I. On the left at the far end of the lobby is the desk, and in front of it, around a couple of tables, sit volunteers from the Association of Journalists. They examine our credentials and issue us white lapel cards reading:

"Sr. _____
Invitado Especial del
Comandante en Jefe
FIDEL CASTRO
y el
COLEGIO DE PERIODISTAS
P R E N S A
Estados Unidos"

I emerge as Sr. Newman Al, and suspect that I shall henceforth be known as Señor Al, or possibly Señor Newmanal. I am right. While we are waiting for room assignments from the desk clerk, I leaf through the list of earlier arrivals, and discover that there is even a representative

from the *Wets Side News* of Nueva York, and that Sr. Bob Considine works for a mysterious and faintly radical-sounding publication called *Working Press.*

Jam in the Prado

2:45. We are off, belatedly, in a fleet of taxis, to a destination five miles away. I am in a cab with Bob Hills of the *Saturday Evening Post,* his wife, and an interpreter named Betty, Philadelphia-born wife of a planter. The Hillses were here on vacation when the invitation arrived, so they joined right in. The cabs, identifiable by "Foreign Press" signs, draw a lot of attention, all of it friendly. The traffic thickens until there are six lines headed eastward toward the Palace along the waterfront Malecón and only one return line. The driver beats a tattoo on his horn. We are surrounded by trucks crowded with farm workers and battered busses carrying factory hands. Most of these vehicles are festooned with greenery, sugar canes predominating. They also are draped with banners reading "Hail to the shootings of assassins of the people," "We reject Yankee intervention," "If the Yankees don't want shootings, let them lend us the electric chair." And one pushcart man has a placard demanding "Shooting of war criminals and lower rents." The factory girls lean far out of the bus windows to touch fingertips with Hills and me.

3:20. We are hopelessly stuck in the biggest traffic jam I ever have seen, and decide to abandon ship about half a mile short of port. Even here there is a great throng, but it is in motion toward the Prado in front of the Palace, a park about three blocks long and one block wide. It looks to be solidly packed, but Betty and Mrs. Hills have their female blood up and plunge right through center, everyone shouting *"Prensa! Prensa!"* with a few muted *"por favors"* thrown in. The people we bump into and push aside are remarkably courteous and forgiving. A press card really means something in Havana, or perhaps it is the "FIDEL CASTRO" in fourteen-point boldface that does the trick. In some cases those pushed aside even help us forward. The big obstacles are street vendors' carts heaped with indescribable fried foods, ices, or cold beer, and the hedges crossing transversely. I am ready to give up the whole thing, but the girls bash on. In all the confusion I glimpse a banner that reads "Syndicate of Barbers of San Something-or-other for Fidel Castro." If the barbers are for Castro, who can be against him?

3:45. The last 250 yards are like traversing a loaded Lexington Avenue express from end to end at the rush hour on a hot summer day, except that here the sun is beating down cruelly. Twenty-five yards from the rostrum is a line of militiamen, lost in the crowd, behind wooden-horse barricades. We are permitted to squeeze under, though there is hardly room, and elbow our way toward a staircase beside the rostrum leading up to the terrace, which itself is crammed. A government minister is roaring away into the microphone in that throat-lacerating rasp affected by most Latin-American politicians, when suddenly a rifle goes off not ten feet away. There are shouts and a scuffle, and the crowd surges back until we are nearly crushed, losing our footing and crushing others, and suddenly I think, *"This is damn dangerous."* The careless militiaman is relieved of his weapon, which is passed up to another militiaman on the terrace, amid cheers and sighs of relief.

4:00. We get to the foot of the stairs directly under the rostrum, but it is hopeless. The terrace is mobbed, and so are the stairs. We are pinned there, and Mrs. Hills and Betty are beginning to look tense. A Cuban woman behind us faints and is lifted by a line of militiamen over the mob to others up on the terrace, and from there heaven knows where.

4:05. We decide to try to get out. We are bathed in sweat, and damn-

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ing the genius responsible for the delay in getting away from the hotel, just long enough to get into this fix. With Hills and a militiaman in the lead, we head for the barricade, I bringing up the rear. But I am not a very good pusher, and I get separated from them and decide to relax, so far as it is possible to relax. The speaker of the moment is going through a long list of the liberators of the past, beginning with Brutus, and I am glad to note that as he touches the oratorical bases five minutes later he mentions the name of Jorge Washington. I am stuck in the crush fifteen feet from the rostrum, and the sun tortures my eyeballs even when they are closed.

4:30. During the next half hour I get a first-rate medical education in feminine fainting symptoms. It is the same with women of all shades, for there are all shades around me. The lips tighten, then begin to turn blue. The area around the mouth pales, and the eyes grow vague and watery, and then the victim keels over, although here there is no place to keel to, so she just slumps, and the crowd holds her up. Fortunately, all the women are escorted, and they are gotten out somehow, usually over the heads of the crowd. Still no sign of Castro. I try consciously to smile and think calm and funny and cool thoughts. . . .

'Get Out of Here, You Fool'

5:00. A young militiaman near me starts to faint, and I say to myself, "It is now time for you to get out of here, you fool for being here in the first place. Make a supreme effort." I have spotted a tiny passageway between the rostrum and a bleacher stand on its right, and I wait until I see a burly militiaman pushing his way in that direction. I get in behind him, croaking, *"Prensa! Por favor!"* And at last I am there, and crawl out under the stand and into more crowd but not so densely packed, and at the end of fifteen minutes I am over in front of the cathedral. Four very erect old men clad in light khaki are standing on the curb, listening intently to the loudspeakers but well out of the pushing throng. I walk past, rumpled and disheveled, and one of them says *"Americano?"* and holds out his hand. I say *"Si,"* and shake hands with all four. They smile toothless smiles and pat my sodden shoulder. Suddenly it comes over me that they are veterans of what we know as the Spanish-American War.

5:20. There is no transportation, so I must hike five miles across Havana to the hotel. A villainous-looking one-eyed vendor offers me a

Coke from a big can filled with water and slabs of ice. I pay him his dime and swallow it greedily, and it takes me back to my childhood: why is it that with all our modern cooling machines we never can get a drink as really cold as this? I wander through side streets that remind me of Palermo. There are a few impromptu parades, and everyone has had the day off, but nobody is drunk; not anybody. I decided that the waterfront is as direct as any other route, and probably cooler. The demonstrators' trucks and busses are lined up for miles, with a few people sitting in each one chatting and passing the holiday quietly, away from the jam in the Prado. Young boys and girls sit on the sea wall looking at each other and at the sea, and nearly all of them smile at me as I pass. The fishermen go on fishing, after the manner of fishermen from time immemorial.

A Cuban Cromwell?

7:00. The hotel air conditioning makes me feel as if steam were rising from my wet clothes. A crowd of about fifty, mostly Cuban hotel help and trial witnesses, are sprawled comfortably in front of the big TV set by the main desk, and I wish I had been born clever too. I head for a shower, tuning my little radio to Castro, who is on by this time and is promising the re-examination of foreign concessions granted by Batista. It seems fair enough. He demands extradition of the "war criminals" who have sought asylum in the United States, saying, however, "Right now the government of the United States is not against Cuba, and neither is the press. But we know how this works. First it [the press] starts a campaign to create an atmosphere of public opinion against us and then it will demand the United States government act against us. . . . The Cuban people have no hostile feeling against the North Americans. On the contrary, we speak to the American people of defending ourselves against the same interests that are the enemies of the North Americans themselves."

8:00. In the bar I meet a tall, bespectacled, grownup-looking Yale man. He is sporting a press card and tells me his story. Arriving at the airport on a National Airlines plane from New York last night for a short mid-semester vacation, he had heard the public-address system paging the journalists. Being on the *Yale News*, he wandered over that way almost automatically and now finds himself in a $35-a-day room, with all his meals taken care of.

11:00. Reflections before sleep: *Los barbudos* (the bearded ones), or, as we *norteamericanos* call them, "the Beards," are the darndest military force ever. A small-arms expert would be delighted and even possibly bewildered at the variety of their weapons. Those weapons are clean, however, and in spite of their piratical aspect the men keep their persons pretty clean too. Most of them are young, serious, and rather gentle-faced under the whiskers. Collectively they make the place look like a military convention of the House of David. If anyone tried to take a shot at Castro he probably would get the wrong man the first eighty-five times, if he lived that long. There are no outward forms of military discipline: no heel clicking or saluting. They do not march; they amble. There are no parades, only little parties of five or so going quietly about their business, which at present is guard and police duty. They seem never to fall into step, even unconsciously. I saw one party of four in which no two were in step, which takes some real doing. On guard at the entrance to the hotel they sit or slouch, rather than "walk their post in a military manner." I suspect, however, that they have what Terry Allen used to call "combat discipline," which, after all, is what close-order drill, useless

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in itself, is supposed to inculcate. I have yet to see one of the Beards drunk or even taking a drink. Come to think of it, bawdy Havana is remarkably quiet and sober. Where are all the prostitutes? Certainly none hang about the lobby of the Riviera. Even the visiting press is keeping sober and working hard. There weren't twenty reporters in the bar a quarter of an hour ago as I came by on my way to bed. The atmosphere is positively puritanical. Is Castro a Cuban Cromwell?

The Press Conference

Thursday, 9 A.M. Up since six. A Truman-type stroll, then a big breakfast, for this will be a long, busy day: the press conference is scheduled for right now, and already the television and motion-picture representatives are set up in the Copa Room, a large night club terraced down to a dance floor and stage, with gold-sequin-type walls, two-tone purple carpet, and cerise chairs.

Among the militiamen guarding the entrance to the Copa Room is the only oldster I have seen in the Beards. His whiskers are white, and he has a fine face. He looks like a rather ascetic brown-eyed Santa Claus.

11:50. The 10:30 press conference scheduled for nine is now about to begin. The journalists line up for another show of credentials, and Santa Claus fans us gently for weapons as we file through. The American section, equipped with headphones for English translation, is in the mezzanine on the right. Castro enters to the Cuban national anthem, and we remain standing as *"Arriba la Revolución,"* a swingy march, is played. Castro poses briefly for the photographers.

His plain uniform is immaculate, and he has a nine-inch cigar stuck in his face. He is tall and slim, but chesty and well set up. He mounts the rostrum and is immediately mobbed by reporters and photographers from the Latin-American countries. These guys are a dreadful bore. They wear revolutionary insignia, even military caps with the broad red-and-black ribbon across the front. They have bought Castro sight unseen, and one can imagine what kind of high-flown stuff they are sending to their papers.

Noon. The lights are switched off and we watch a series of atrocity pictures introduced by the English translator as "interesting slides." They are vague, blurry, and occasionally upside down, and they include holes in buildings resulting from the bombing of Santa Clara, which, after all, was a military operation of sorts, the biggest and last of the peculiar war. However, it is fairly evident that Batista's police were in the habit of seizing and torturing, then hanging, suspected rebels without any semblance of a trial —and there was no death penalty in Cuban law in any case. It is a nasty display, and quite believable through sheer impact of numbers, places, dates, and names.

12:30. The lights go on, and there is another long wait for the arrival of President Manuel Urrutia Lleó. Again the Latin Americans swarm about Castro like honey-drunk bees. Representative Adam Clayton Powell of New York, slick as a seal in dark jacket, sincere tie, and perilously narrow Ivy League slacks that accentuate the length of his enormous black shoes, is sitting at the extreme left on the dais among the government dignitaries, where the television and movies not only can get at him but positively can't miss him.

Castro in Action

1:25. After the preliminary bouts of Latin oratory are over, Castro strides to the speakers' table in front of the

rostrum and the magic comes on. He makes a general statement: You are here because the men of the Revolution believe in freedom of the press and certain interests have circulated lies about it. . . . They can convoke the newspapermen of the hemisphere because they have nothing to hide . . . they are men of good intentions which they don't intend to use to go to hell with . . . young men with clean consciences . . . not fearing criticism because constant investigation by public opinion will be good for them . . . high public morals. . . . He is not a Communist, though he is sure that is the first thing the enemies of the Revolution will say the movement is. His political ideology is very clear. . . . The Revolution is for the best interests of Cuba and also of America, a great country. It defends the best interests of the people, and it wants economic and political freedom, an end to exploitation, and the establishment of social justice. . . . It will never go against the people; when a majority is against him and his associates, they will leave. . . .

2:00. With the permission of President Urrutia he will now answer questions. Yes, he is sure that the campaign of lies will not cease. . . . Yes, they are now formulating an economic recovery plan. Cuba is a country of great wealth, but there are hundreds of thousands of unemployed. Yet it is a matter of long-range planning rather than stopgap measures. . . .

2:30. Representative Powell, who has been snapping pictures with a Minox camera, is now one seat closer to the middle of the platform. Castro's voice is beginning to give him trouble. He turns aside frequently to cough. Now he sidesteps nimbly a thorny question on Puerto Rican independence. . . . How long will the trials go on? He wants the whole business over as quickly as possible because Cuba needs peace and quiet in which to recover. So far only the most notorious killers—those known to everybody—have been tried and executed. Other cases, not necessarily involving the death penalty, will take longer. They haven't even started on the civilian officials accused of robbing the people. He thinks that the total of executions will not exceed four hundred, and all those shot up to now had killed more than one person. . . .

3:00. Representative Powell is another seat nearer the middle. An American Negro correspondent asks Castro what he thinks of the way dark-skinned Cubans are treated when they come to the United States, and again Fidel, very fair-skinned

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himself, is fast on his feet: In Cuba there does not exist the same problem that there is, for example, in the South of the United States. There is racial discrimination in Cuba, but of a much more minor character. The Revolution will help alleviate this. . . . While the Cuban government will abrogate onerous and unfair foreign concessions, it will be done bit by bit. It won't do to act like an elephant in a china shop. . . . What would have occurred in Cuba if the government hadn't set up its summary courts? There was the greatest unanimity among the people in demanding punishment, and Cubans are so sensitive that there are no such things as bullfights here. Were he to start rounding up and doing away with stray dogs, twenty societies would howl their heads off. Cubans are not like Romans in an amphitheater but they repudiate crimes against humanity; nor are they vengeful: they haven't dragged anyone through the streets. But the same people who today are against shooting these war criminals tomorrow would ask that they be set free. And what would happen then? The families of the victims would take their revenge. The memory of seven years of atrocities is too vivid in the minds of the Cuban people. The revolutionists have never beaten or tortured prisoners; to them the person of a prisoner is sacred.

3:45. An American asks what about Fidel's remark that if the U.S. intervened, 200,000 Gringos would die. . . . He and the boys up in the mountains used to joke a lot, and once when he was asked about American intervention he said in jest that 200,000 would die. He did not say "Gringo"; he never used such words. (However, this question and answer do not appear in the Spanish transcript of the interview, released the following day.) A man from the *New Yorker,* which the lady translator characterizes as "a magazine for the elite of the intellectuals," asks why, now that the people of Cuba are so overwhelmingly in his favor, he doesn't disband the army. . . . Castro looks incredulous. Is his questioner an anarchist? The government, any government, must defend itself.

4:37. The conference ends. Representative Adam Clayton Powell is now only two seats from the center of the dais.

The Trial of Sosa Blanco

5:10. The trial has begun; the television screen in the lobby shows the defendant, Major Jesús Sosa Blanco,

on the stand. He is accused of ordering, or perpetrating, the murder of 106 persons in Oriente Province in October, 1957. He is a well-preserved fifty-two, broad-faced, with thinning hair. He says he knows that no matter what he says he will be found guilty, that he is in the Coliseum at Rome, that perhaps during the fighting people have been killed and houses burned, but that he never was in the places mentioned in the accusations, and that possibly another officer, appropriately named Nero Sosa, might have been the culprit. The defendant smiles and the crowd whistles its disapproval.

5:45. We arrive in the circular arena just as Sosa Blanco is finishing his testimony under questioning by the president of the court. Sosa is smiling no longer, but is alternately biting his lower lip and working his upper plate. He retires to the prisoner's chair with four Beards behind him.

5:55. The president does most of the questioning of witnesses, after which the defense attorney, a beardless, bespectacled captain with the softest voice of the lot, is permitted to cross-examine. Rather rarely does the prosecution staff have anything to say. A witness's back is to the prisoner. Pre-trial depositions have been taken, and the president's questioning follows the depositions. Most defense objections are to discrepancies between deposition and testimony.

6:00. We are in our positions, standing on the rim of the circle behind some court stenographers clustered around a pretty young interpreter who teaches English to fifth-grade girls. She misses quite a lot because she is emotionally upset. The first witness, a young peasant woman, is led in, and there is a tremendous flurry among the photographers, who are seated on the floor inside the circle. The witness is sworn, gives her name and town, and is asked whom she works for. "Sosa Blanco!" she says. There is a roar of laughter; she has understood the question to be "Whom do you accuse?" Even the defendant laughs, lifting his manacled wrists in an attitude of prayer but spreading his palms as if to say "What can you expect of these ignorant peasants?" He has a point: as our interpreter explains, country dialect differs from city talk, and throughout the evening there are many such misunderstandings. Times and distances are particularly hard to ascertain. "Where did you find the bodies?" "Three fields away." At one juncture the president, desperately trying to ascertain the distance between two villages, asks a witness: "How long would it take to ride a horse between them?" And then he finds himself snarled up in time, which is equally vague in the peasant's brain.

The Moment of Truth

6:30. Witness follows witness, the men in their cleanest pajamas but wearing uncomfortable city shoes, nervously fingering the wide brims of their straw hats as they answer the questions hesitantly, the women in black dresses, for most of them are in mourning for the victims. They stand with legs apart, bellies thrust forward, shoulders and breasts sagging, as though they know their function in life: to bear children, and sorrow, and hard work. They stand as though leaning into a heavy wind. "Where were you when they took him away?" "Under the bed." "Where were you when they took your brother?" "At a neighbor's house two fields away. I never saw him again." The witnesses are asked to identify the defendant. They have difficulty, for he is behind them. Each stares about in front and to the sides and searches the ranks of the sprawled-out photographers. Finally each turns and looks behind him. There is recognition, and then the

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pointing fingers. Sosa Blanco! For the photographers this is the Moment of Truth, and there is an atomic explosion of flashbulbs each time a brown finger is leveled, and the crowd applauds. One widow, turning toward Sosa Blanco, breaks into the screaming hysteria of the Latin woman and tries to fly at him. She is led away.

7:20. The first really damaging witness, another widow, but older and gray-haired. "He killed my husband. I begged him not to because my husband was the father of my eleven children." But Sosa Blanco, claiming that the man was a rebel, had him machine-gunned. She is asked to identify Sosa Blanco, slowly turns, then shouts: "That's the one! He killed my husband!" She is led away sobbing and the prosecution moves that no more witnesses be called, for the case is proved. The president denies the motion. "That is only one; we will prove that he killed a hundred Cubans," he declares.

8:00. The line of questioning by the president always seeks to establish that there was no fighting in the neighborhood of the killings, and that the victims were not rebels. Now comes the second really damaging witness: a deserter who had served under Capitán (as he then was) Sosa Blanco and fled to the rebels because he was sick of the slaughter. Question and answer are snapped out like military commands. The soldier, Antonio Colón, has one of those really big Cuban voices. He testifies that he personally saw Capitán Sosa Blanco mow down nineteen innocent peasants with a machine gun. He leaves in a wave of applause, and as he passes the prisoner there is an exchange of snarls and epithets.

10:00. And so the parade continues—frightened, weather-beaten peasants awed by the lights and the microphones. "Whom do you accuse?" "Sosa Blanco." "Whom do you accuse?" "Sosa." "Capitán Sosa Blanco." Sosa. Sosablanco. Sosablanco. How sick he must be of his own name. One cannot help pitying him. Somebody told him to go into Oriente and get results. Shoot some rebels. Shoot somebody. Shoot anybody. Throw the fear of God into those peasants. Get results, Sosa Blanco.

11:00. Leg-weary and covered with sweat, a few other American reporters and I decide to go to the hotel and see the rest on television. "How many you figure were there?" one of them asks me. "Ten thousand at most," I tell him. "I got it at fifteen," he says. "The place will hold 17,000 officially." "They can't count," I tell him. "It's nowhere near as big as Madison Square Garden and that'll only hold about 20,000 maximum rigged for a big fight. Tonight there was hardly anybody behind us at ringside and very few in what you'd call side arena because from there they couldn't see over the people

standing around the ring." (Nevertheless, I find on my return to Miami that practically every dispatch has "30,000 screaming Cubans" there.)

Where Castro Goofed

Friday, 12:45 A.M. The last of the witnesses has finished testifying fifteen minutes ago, and now the prosecutor starts his summation. He is a Beard with a very gentle face, and he does not rant but talks quietly. Occasionally he passes a hand over his eyes and forehead in a gesture of weariness. He is comparing this case with Gestapo terrorism. *"Profilaxis social . . . proceso de Nuremberg . . . notorioso asesino,"* all in hardly more than a whisper. Santa Claus watches him on the television screen and strokes his white beard with pleasure. It is a gesture I had noticed in the press conference this afternoon when Castro made a telling point.

1:45 A.M. Santa Claus has stopped stroking his beard and looks worried. The clean-shaven captain who is attorney for the defense fills the picture. He is talking about *"los derechos del hombre,"* the rights of man. I ask a colleague what has been happening, and he says: "The defense has thrown them a curve. He claims that in this case the death penalty is an ex post facto law. The Revolutionary Government didn't enact the death penalty until February 21, 1958, and there was no death penalty in Cuba when this case happened the previous October."

2:00 A.M. The defense rests, and the television interviewer congratulates the uniformed lawyer on his "brilliant presentation." The prisoner is led away, and the Tribunal retires to deliberate. Santa Claus forgets his worry and starts ogling a cigarette girl.

4:00 A.M. The television announcer, having interviewed every Latin-American journalist in the Sports Coliseum, has turned on the guards and spectators. If the Tribunal doesn't come back soon with its verdict, he will run out of *them.* Right now he is interviewing a militiaman from Oriente, who says Sosa should be in a mental hospital. The announcer looks at him as though the militiaman ought to be in a mental hospital. Santa Claus has fallen asleep in a chair, and the cigarette girl has vanished.

4:45 A.M. I give up. I've got to have some rest. (The verdict of guilty is announced at 5:50 A.M., I discover the following noon, when I awaken.)

5:00 A.M. Reflections before sleep: Castro has made a bad mistake in holding this trial, and he probably realizes it already. Trials should be speedy and public, but not that public. It was too circusy. A British reporter standing near me last night exclaimed indignantly: "A bear baiting!" He then remarked that the lahst trial he'd covered had been at the Old Bailey. This wasn't the Old Bailey or anything like it, for the Anglo-Saxon and Latin trial systems are entirely different, and the press should have been briefed on the difference. One U.S. correspondent, a veteran of the Latin-American beat, remarked Wednesday night at supper that "Where Castro goofed was in mentioning the word 'trial' in the first place."

At last, after a whole afternoon and evening of weather delay, we are airborne, and bouncing up through the soup over Havana. The stewardess cuts in on the address system: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," she says sweetly. "Your pilot on this flight is Capitán Blanco. . . ." There was an instant of tension among the homeward-bound reporters.

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The Eat Generation

JEAN STAFFORD

When I was a girl in the olden-time, it was generally recognized that the most conspicuous symptom of lovesickness in the young was a loss of appetite with attendant pallor and lassitude. In novels, the fond and foolish lovers might meet in a little out-of-the-way Italian restaurant where the tables were covered with checkered cloths and light came from candles in Chianti bottles, but they only toyed with their manicotti and spent the time swilling wine, swapping lamentations and hallelujahs, and kissing under the indulgent gaze of the jolly proprietress, Mamma Mia. It is possible that they supplemented their sub-subsistence diets with malted-milk tablets and wheat germ, but this was never reported by the authors, who carelessly allowed them to deprive their livers of protein, to deplete their blood sugar, to abuse their shrunken stomachs with Dago red, disequilibriate their metabolism, and lay themselves open to loathsome vitamin-deficiency diseases like scurvy and pellagra.

If the twenty-one-year-old author of a novel I recently read is representative of his generation, all that has changed, and high time too if we are to build a healthier America. The course of true love is still bestrewn with pitfalls and impediments and many a cloud louses up the halcyon times, but no matter how profound the agony or how lofty the ecstasy, modern turtledoves don't skip meals. Having been subliminally instructed from the bassinet onward in the importance of a daily balance of nitrogenous compounds, carbohydrates, cholesterol, anti-gray-hair factor, and riboflavin, they eat heartily of wholesome foods, drink a great deal of milk (so long as they are in the land of the Pure Food and Drug Act), and go very easy on the booze. They may eventually wind up on the couch, but anorexia nervosa is not going to be one of their problems.

The flap copy of Jonathan Kozol's slender novel, *The Fume of Poppies* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), told me that I was going to be hearing love's old bittersweet song sung to me by "a truly young voice, not ashamed to praise the things men love, not afraid to cry out with the baffled anguish of loving." There were to be some high jinks in Spain and in the Alps and in Paris, and the ending was to be an "emotional bombshell." Not the newest recipe in the world, but a reliable one and just right for a bedtime snack.

The principals in the idyl are a clean-limbed and tasty Radcliffe girl ("She . . . is honey, maple syrup . . . She is angel cake") called Wendy, and a Harvard stripling, the narrator, who remains nameless except for his girl friend's sobriquet, "Lamby," which I found increasingly disconcerting as more and more often she indulges a curious passion for nibbling at his ear for all the world as if it were a morsel of gigot. They meet in an English class, and five short pages later they are off for a weekend in a Maine hideaway where, presumably, they will study for exams when they can take time out from their dalliance. However, before there is any hugging and kissing, they have a simple, well-cooked meal: "There was a hot bowl of rice and butter and there was a saucer filled with cut string beans and there was a platter of small steaks broiled in the oven." Before you can say Butter knife!, the cold winter night of bundling is over and it's breakfast time. When they have eaten bacon and a big batch of flapjacks, they go out for a tramp in the snow to work up an appetite for lunch. Lamby, as he waits for this meal, puts a Schubert quartet on the phonograph and grows pensive, imagining new horizons, "The violins wove in and out of my thoughts. I dreamed of eating chocolates in Vienna."

A few menus later, they are back in boring, censorious old Cambridge, but in their brave rapture they hire a love nest (with kitchenette) for eight dollars a week. Here each evening until Wendy has to get back to bed check in her dormitory, they spoon and study and feed their faces. "We kept the ice-box full of hamburg and steak and ice cream and lettuce and cucumbers and things. We ate a lot while we studied and often emptied a bottle of wine. We also kept some nice cheeses, which we lopped off with a moldy breadknife." The landlady, a wise and kindly soul, who closes her eyes to the irregularity of the arrangement, often brings them cookies.

And so it goes until Christmastime —bicycle rides to Walden Pond and then a race back for hot chocolate and whipped cream, walks along the Charles River which they pretend is the Seine:

"'Shall it be the Café de la Paix?' Wendy suggests. 'Or the Ritz Bar?'

"'How about Hayes Bickford?' I suggest. And so we go in and have a Hamburger Special with Sealtest Milk."

There is another stolen weekend, this time in Gloucester with energy-filling breakfasts of muffins and eggs and bacon, and dinners of lobsters and clams. And then comes Christmas vacation, and on page 57 we find our delirious lunchheads at tea (*high* tea, if I know them) in the Plaza, cooking up the idea of kicking over the traces, flouting parental and Cantabrigian authority, and going off to Europe right then and there. And that's exactly what they do, after making "a hasty withdrawal from the Bank of New York." Directly they are aloft on the New York-Shannon-Paris flight and dinner is almost ready. Without a qualm or a backward glance, they tuck into one of those Pan Am gourmet specials, ". . . shrimp and roast beef, salad with Roquefort, and candied sweets, lima beans in butter and little carved radishes, hot pecan muffins and Parkerhouse rolls, tiny

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squares of butter, Pan American salt shakers, plastic spoons, forks, knives, a little silken Pan American napkin and a luscious little cylinder of French-style yoghurt with sugar to sprinkle on it." In the course of the trip, when Wendy is sleeping like a log, Lamby has a moment of queasiness (purely somatic), but a glass of ginger ale and a Dramamine set him right again and he is off to the Land of Nod, from which he is quickly recalled by "The clatter of breakfast in the air! What fun!" More eggs and bacon and more muffins and butter—enough to last until elevenses in Shannon.

On the last lap of the flight, Lamby grows fretful and wishes for a different *mise en scène*:

" 'I wish we were in a blue lagoon,' I said. 'We could go swimming.'

" 'Or pick coconuts,' she said.

" 'Crack them open,' I said. 'Eat the chunks.'

" 'Drink a milk shake,' she said. 'A frosty soda.' "

After a brief stopover in Paris, they proceed to a quiet Spanish village on the coast, arriving by no means accidentally in time for lunch. They stay there for a week or so, having three squares a day: "Time slipped away and we lived in rich moments—good food and wine, kindness all about us." *Tempus fugit* fast when you are young and in love, and after numerous collations our hero and heroine restlessly go off to Switzerland to sample Alpine cuisine. On the first enchanted evening, "after several good courses and a meringue dessert . . ." they take a walk in the mountains and come unexpectedly on a small chapel in the woods. Deeply moved, they pause in a magic moment:

"I looked up into the sky and, as I gazed at the intensely blue moon, I had the feeling that nothing was impossible.

" 'We will go and eat the world!' said Wendy.

" 'Wendy . . .'

" 'Eat up the world!' she said. And she nibbled at my ear."

This snack sustains her through an impassioned clinch, and when that's been taken care of,

" 'Now for hot chocolate!' I said.

"Wendy licked her lips. 'I hope they have whipped cream.' "

Along about the spring of the year, the hasty withdrawal from the Bank of New York begins to peter out and no money is forthcoming from the cruel parents. Nonetheless, love finds a way and soon we find Aucassin and Nicolette in Paris in a hotel near a patisserie run by a pair of shortening-loving Germans. One day as they are gormandizing, " . . . Wendy was sucking the sticky apricot goo off her fingers and I was shoving the last fluttery leaves of my own delicacy into my mouth when I happened to think of a Safeway Market in Larchmont, where they sell Wonder Bread in a wax package with red and white dots." Whether this brings on a surge of nostalgia or of revulsion it is not possible to know, but it does inspire him to get another Angel Finger. Greedy Wendy, however, gobbles it up before he has a chance.

SO THE CAREFREE odyssey continues, but trouble is waiting in the dining room of the *Liberté*, which is to return the daring twosome to the old pedestrian life. Wendy, with her un-

quenchable animal spirits, invites the man at the next table to join them at meals, and he proves to be such a trencherman that he makes Lamby look like a bird that is off its feed. After a little perfunctory small talk, " 'Food!' said Mike all at once, for the waiter had just brought in the hors d'oeuvre. And he and Wendy cut into the paté with a wild spirit, like two horses racing for a river."

For some days things go swimmingly, but unwisely they add a fourth to their table, a Princeton rotter named Allan who makes a play for Wendy. Wendy isn't having any, but she does rather fancy Mike and one evening at dinner she kisses him on the lips. "Then we went on eating. I remember that Wendy had calves' brains." Later that night, back in their cabin, Lamby for the first time sees a certain impropriety in his doll. "It seemed coarse of her to sit around on the bed like that without anything on, just munching at an apple." He is sick at heart, but still he continues to go on through lunch and dinner, lunch and dinner, day after day on the high seas of life.

There are several mentions during the voyage of Martinis, Scotch and soda, and Bloody Marys, and it is my opinion that if the kids had stayed off the sauce, all hell would not have broken loose. On the last night out, as Lamby and Wendy and their tablemates are drinking whiskey and eating sandwiches after dinner, Wendy, conscious that disenchantment is creeping into Lamby's heart, desperately enjoins him to remember the high spots of their trip, "And the mountains and the hotel and the chocolate?" He does remember and he also wistfully remembers the pastry and "the ice cream with bits of ice . . ." But the die is cast, and Wendy the princess has turned into a toad: late that night she misconducts herself not only with Wastrel Allan but also with Greedyguts Mike.

Sorrowfully and bitterly, Lamby goes back to Harvard, but Wendy, hardened and with dyed hair, lives in an apartment in New York. Sometimes, mooning away in Brooks House, Lamby thinks, "Once, it seemed, all Wendy ever did in life was to play. It was ice cream and laughter and eating and love . . ." Even more poignantly, " . . . sometimes I think of eating patisserie in Paris. And I can see Wendy wiping the apricot goo off her fingers—licking it off."

THE BOMB(E)SHELL that detonates on the last page is that, despite her scandalous defection, despite his disillusion and dismay, Wendy and Lamby are going to be married and are going to settle down in Wellesley Hills and be like everybody else. Once blithe and adventurous, Lamby of the edible ears is going into the insurance game with his father. He has found a house that leaves much to be desired, but "it has a large living room and a patio and a brand-new kitchen." It's my bet that if Wendy hasn't lost her touch with mashed potatoes and pancakes, and if she keeps plenty of milk and cucumbers on hand and meat in the freezer for cookouts on the patio, this marriage will take the cake.

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MOVIES

Shaw and the Phagocytes

STEVEN MARCUS

ARGUMENTS about "purity" in the arts always trouble me. I cannot bring myself to regard any kind of art as if it were the Salk vaccine. And yet the movies, that form of artistic enterprise which draws its greatest strength and attractiveness from its mongrel nature, are almost always being discussed in terms of purity—with monotonous frequency we read about the necessity of preserving "cinematic values" from defilement. When a play is converted to the screen, movie buffs keep their eyes peeled for anything that even vaguely resembles the stage, and sometimes it seems as if the only way to render a drawing-room comedy into genuine cinematic idiom would be to shoot it as a Western. On the other hand, these same *aficionados* are often the first to complain whenever a movie takes a novel and alters its story, leaves out a character, or revises its ending. Here again the movies are accused of violating the original integrity of art.

Such arguments are, I think, both irrelevant and unsound. Take the case of Shaw. Until recently I had seen three of Shaw's plays as movies, and the least successful of them was the one that laid claim to the largest cinematic intentions and ambitions; *Caesar and Cleopatra* was given the full treatment, and it came out looking like a cross between a Billy Rose production of *Aïda* and a De Mille epic whose budget had been cut in half after shooting started. The actors and Shaw's lines got lost in the shuffle of a cast of thousands through deserts of papier-mâché pyramids. *Pygmalion* and *Major Barbara,* however, both of which were not much more than rather frowzily filmed plays, are more successful *as movies* than *Caesar and Cleopatra.* Who can forget the education of Wendy Hiller as Eliza; or her battles with Leslie Howard; or Wilfred Lawson's pneumatic Doolittle; or the whole Salvation Army madness—almost all of it seen through a camera that could have been bolted to the floor? In these films practically no attempt was made to impose cinematic devices upon the plays. The screen was virtually a neutral medium for recording the acting and the lines, and the Shavian actors were able to possess the film and make it into their own: the results were two "classics" of the trade.

ANTHONY ASQUITH's production of *The Doctor's Dilemma,* the latest movie to be made from a Shaw play, falls somewhere between the two extremes of *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *Pygmalion.* It is filmed in lush color, opulently set and costumed, and nudged along at a rather grave, slow pace. At the same time it is essentially a photographed play—the sets are minuscule and the camera never gets far away from any of the actors; the lines are delivered directly and each of the actors gets a good chance to go through his turn, which is constantly a pleasure to behold as most of the actors are clever. In this connection, Leslie Caron, who plays Mrs. Dubedat, the wife of the consumptive genius-artist, is the surprise of the show and carries off the honors. My recollection of Miss Caron had been of an extravagantly long and voluptuous pair of legs connected by an almost invisible torso to a small, frayed head, the front of which was adorned with a poignant, pushed-in face—a kind of Pekinese on stilts. In *The Doctor's Dilemma* she proves herself to be an actress of considerable skill, and her rag doll's face with its pug nose and broad, unfinished mouth displays remarkable mobility and mercurially registers a wide range of emotion. In the play, Mrs. Dubedat comes from Cornwall; the movie makes her a native of Brittany, but Shaw's conception of a woman foreign to the English ethos who, because she is untrammeled by the conventions of English bourgeois life, can worship genius in men is preserved. So is Shaw's sense of passionate romance without sensuality (it was not for nothing that he declared himself a disciple of Shelley), and in her love scenes Miss Caron both looks and plays the part of that recurrent Shavian female—mysterious, fascinating, deadly, romantic, and withal ethereal, spiritualized, and alive with the fire that burns not. As her husband, Dirk Bogarde manages to convey the idea of the artist who, as Shaw wrote in his preface, "is utterly selfish and unscrupulous in every other relation without feeling at the smallest disadvantage."

One must also mention the acting of those two high-class English zanies, Alastair Sim and Robert Morley, who play a pair of amiable idiot doctors. Sim plays Cutler Walpole, a successful society surgeon, who has

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discovered a nonexistent organ called the nuciform sac; his new operation has become all the rage and rich women storm his waiting room, competing to have the thing excised. To Walpole, all people, in good or ill health, suffer from malfunction of the nuciform sac, and he wanders through the play—Sim gives us his usual stalk-swoop-and-sidle — volunteering to operate on everyone. Morley is cast as Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington, another society doctor with an irresistible bedside manner, who behaves as if disease were a personal affront to him and of whom it is said that "even broken bones have been known to heal at the sound of his voice." He too is obsessed—his single prescription is to "stimulate the phagocytes," and like all the doctors in the play his medical practice amounts to open warfare against the human race. Both of these characters come right out of Dickens, another of Shaw's acknowledged masters; that is, they inhabit a world of hallucinations which by some strange power of insistence they cause other people to accept. Sim and Morley are enough like this to begin with, and they ham it up in entertainingly orotund, if perhaps overlanguid, style.

As for the dilemma, it's still lively enough. Although Shaw himself held some of the most extreme opinions about medicine—he was on principle opposed to vaccination and vivisection—his criticism in this play was directed chiefly against the actual ignorance, malpractices, and social irresponsibility of the medical profession during the early years of this century. Athwart this satire he introduced a second theme, the moral problem that would face a doctor if he had to decide which of two patients to save. Shaw believed that "hardly any of us have ethical energy enough for more than one really inflexible point of honor," and *The Doctor's Dilemma* depicts the collision of two types of men, the artist and the doctor, with two contrary and inflexible points of honor, who represented what Shaw felt was "the huge conflict which we call society." Should the doctor choose to treat the genius whose work will please and benefit humanity, but who is also a cheat, a liar, and a cad—and whose wife, incidentally, the doctor finds attractive? Or should he let the artist die and practice his healing arts on an old friend, a poor, self-effacing, decent general practitioner who lives and works in the slums, and who has no exceptional talent? Neither the dilemma nor any choice made in such circumstances is particularly realistic, but Shaw was interested here not in verisimilitude but in the larger moral and social problems which a dilemma so abstractly posed could illuminate. And with that generosity of spirit which he alone among the playwrights of our time possessed, Shaw gave both sides their due: the witty and moving dialectic of alternatives never ends, for by definition there is no satisfactory solution to a dilemma—which is why he called the play "a tragedy."

In dramatizing this conflict, however, Shaw was able to evoke certain passions and ideas about loyalty, duty, talent, honor, and society—all the great primitive, heroic abstractions that most of us now have done with by the time we leave college. Part of the charm of his genius is connected with the fact that these abstractions never lost their passionate hold on him. When other men had given themselves up to the wisdom and prudence of society, and had maturely declined into daily compromise, refusing to batter their heads against the insoluble moral conundrums and paradoxes that life never fails to present us with, Shaw denounced compromise and repudiated maturity in the sense that most of us use these words. One of his great gifts was his ability to remain innocent. And though this innocence meant that he sometimes understated the complexity of particular social and moral issues, it also meant that, like some child who relentlessly persists in asking "why," he never forgot that there are such things as large issues, that life is trying us with them all the time.

As a play, *The Doctor's Dilemma* apprehends those issues in full measure, and the movie, because it remains faithful to its original, does so too. It is, I believe, an indication of the continuing relevance of Shaw to life in our time that he can still be translated directly onto film. This new movie not only expresses the life in Shaw, it also demonstrates once again that the vitality of movies themselves is not unconnected with the vitality of their subjects.

Walk, Do Not Run

JAY JACOBS

My point of no return as far as James Jones's prose is concerned was reached early in his first novel, when I disentangled myself from some tortuous imagery having to do with a metaphorical fruit "plucked and left to wither on the vine." (I am quoting from memory after a lapse of some seven years, and may have unwittingly improved on Mr. Jones's celebrated style, but the content of his metaphor remains, I think, intact.) Consequently, I don't know whether the M-G-M movie *Some Came Running* does justice to the book on which it is based. Since any number of classics have been converted to God-awful films and a number of superior films have been based on third-rate literature (*The African Queen* is an example that comes to mind here), it is somewhat beside the point to speculate along these lines, and I will derail this train of thought by saying that if the present movie *is* faithful to Mr. Jones's second book, it richly deserved the panning it got.

Dave Hirsh, the hero of *Some Came Running* (which was photographed in supererogatory Cinema-

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Scope and something called Metrocolor), is played rather woodenly by Frank Sinatra, a part-time actor who was also featured in *From Here to Eternity*, and who is determined, apparently, to keep up with at least one of the Joneses. His only other qualifications for the part, as far as I can see, are a limited repertoire of affected gestures based on the idiosyncratic mannerisms of the late Humphrey Bogart, and the fact that he shares Mr. Jones's confused notions of English phonetics.

Soon after the picture opens, it is established that Dave Hirsh is an ex-Army man, a Creative Writer, and a ne'er-do-well. Director Vincente Minnelli, in a burst of what may be unparalleled virtuosity, conveys all this through the simple device of having Mr. Sinatra unpack from a barracks bag *The Portable William Faulkner, The Portable Thomas Wolfe, The Portable John Steinbeck,* and a bottle of booze. The fact that the books come out first leaves me wondering whether they weren't tossed into the bag as an afterthought, and whether, in any sort of a pinch, Dave Hirsh might not consider potables more portable than Portables.

Exactly why Dave Hirsh returns to his home town of Parkman, Indiana, after spending nineteen years bumming around the world, is never made quite clear. His only kin there are a Babbitt-eared brother ("People are saying," "People will notice") for whom his contempt is boundless and undisguised, a sister-in-law on whom he has committed near libel in a worst-selling novel some years earlier, and an eighteen-year-old niece he claims he has last seen during her infancy. I claim he is either lying in his avuncular teeth or someone's arithmetic is pretty lousy at M-G-M. In any case, he *does* return, bringing with him the aforementioned luggage, a little baggage picked up en route (played a shade too stridently by Shirley MacLaine), and the battered manuscript of an unfinished story.

During a brief lull between saloon brawls, Dave effects a tenuous relationship with a local schoolmarm, Gwen French (Martha Hyer), who teaches "Creative Writing and Criticism" (I don't know whether that's one course or two), and proves it by talking pure reviewese throughout the remainder of the film. In the one glimpse we get of her classroom, a group of improbably clean-cut teenagers earnestly probe the love life of Emile Zola, salivating over words like "mistress" as though they were all-day suckers. The schoolmarm, who is every inch a Hollywood-type Lady (as frigid as a Birds Eye fish fillet), is interested in our boy's mind, he in her body. In a maladroit attempt to gain her favors, he lets her read the manuscript of the story he hasn't been able to finish. "But it *is* finished," she proclaims in the only line she has that doesn't sound as though it had been assembled by a publisher's blurb writer. "Well, whaddya know," says Dave, "I never thought of it that way" (or words to that effect). Gwen is "pretty sure" the *Atlantic* will buy it, and I'll be jiggered if, a couple of brawls, a stabbing, and two or three love affairs later, it doesn't turn out that she was right.

Life, in addition to art, goes on, of course, while our hero is making his literary comeback. All the characters I've mentioned plus a few others (including a stereotyped professional gambler played surprisingly well by crooner and reformed straight man Dean Martin) have Problems of one sort or another, but the only one that is satisfactorily resolved, as far as I can see, is a purely literary one: how to write publishable fiction.

It can be done, apparently, in either of two ways. There is the Dave Hirsh method, which involves finding someone who will tell you when to stop—or the James Jones method, which is based on *not* finding anyone.

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BOOKS

The Missing Scientists

C. P. SNOW

THE SCIENTISTS, by Eleazar Lipsky. *Appleton-Century-Crofts. $4.95.*

Scientists and the scientific life—unless people outside science can understand them, it seems to me the cultural game is up. And possibly more than the cultural game. Yet it isn't easy to pick up even the tone of the scientific experience at second hand. The most intelligent and receptive of nonscientists, with all the good will in the world, find it pretty difficult. There happens not to be much in the way of literature to help them. Very few scientists have ever written autobiography; and of such as there are, only a handful reveal any introspective depth. Darwin's contained some insights, and so do G. H. Hardy's and Norbert Wiener's; but from them all, there isn't enough communicated, unless one already knows the language and the life. Fiction gives even less help. There are astonishingly few portraits of scientists in novels, and almost none of them is any good. They lack both the concrete particulars and imaginative comprehension; by the side of the truly realized characters in contemporary fiction, they are bad cartoons.

H. G. Wells was the best popularizer of science that we have had, but when it came to writing about scientists he was always the adoring student looking up. Intellecually, Aldous Huxley knows something about science, but his temperament is profoundly anti-scientific and his Shearwaters are just figures of fun. Sinclair Lewis made a manful shot in *Arrowsmith* but then distorted it by a journalistic romanticism and too little intellectual edge. One or two Soviet novelists, such as Dudintsev and Kochetov, have tried. They have the advantage that they can apparently take for granted in their audience a greater knowledge of science—at least, applied science—than American or English novelists are able to; but their central figures, their "inventors," must draw broad Slavonic smiles from their scientific colleagues.

Now here comes Mr. Lipsky. *The Scientists*—fine, no damned nonsense about that title. No damned nonsense, I hoped as I picked up the book, about his intention. Perhaps this is it. But it isn't. It is less well done than *Arrowsmith;* Mr. Lipsky is nothing like such a good genre novelist as Lewis was. In all the ways in which *Arrowsmith* distorted the truth, this book distorts more and worse. In fact, it resembles a curious blend of *Arrowsmith* and *The Caine Mutiny*—nothing like so devoted an attempt as the first, and not such a good rough-hewn story-entertainment as the second.

I am judging *The Scientists* more harshly than I would if it were just a harmless mid-range novel. As such, it's all right. But I have read and liked some of Mr. Lipsky's other work, and this seemed an important chance for stretching his talent and at the same time giving us a novel of the scientific life that we so badly need. He has missed the chance, and it is maddening.

The scene of the story is a small, beastly, one-hoss university called Haverstraw, somewhere up the Hudson in New York State. (Incidentally, why are these *beastly* colleges, which are more or less a stereotype in U.S. fiction, never exhibited to an English visitor like myself? They are quite unlike the American academic institutions I know, and they have a certain grisly fascination of their own.) The hero is David Luzzatto, who is a young professor. Luzzatto went to the place as a graduate student only a few years before the story opens; he started his research under a biologist called Ullman, a titanic, exhortatory, epigrammatic figure. In a remarkably short time, Luzzatto has made a discovery of great scientific and commercial importance. This discovery is published under the names of Ullman and himself, but it is Luzzatto's work alone, and it brings him fame, tenure (since Ullman promptly retires), and—very oddly—riches. By an arrangement under which Oppenheimer and his atomic boys would by now be far the richest men in the world, Luzzatto has taken a rake-off from his discovery. The rest of the proceeds go to Haverstraw, which is accordingly incomparably more prosperous than ever in its history. Luzzatto, it is fair to say, is having faint ethical doubts whether he ought to go on taking the rake-off, but the poor chap is worried because his wife is pregnant and, having lost one child, won't let him make love to her.

THAT IS the situation. Then, out of the blue, Ullman writes to the president of Haverstraw, repudiating the business arrangement, and in effect accusing Luzzatto of pinching credit and cash which by right belong to him, Ullman. The college authorities, with a singular mixture of suspiciousness and stupidity, are immediately prepared to believe this accusation is true. Luzzatto is left wondering how to clear himself. The reader is let—or seems to be let—into his thoughts, and remains in some ambiguity about whether Luzzatto himself thinks he is quite innocent.

Then comes a long flashback, the best part of the book, in which there is a scene or two with Luzzatto's family. His father edits an obscure liberal Italian journal in New York, and the home background has immediacy and charm. So has the introduction of Luzzatto to Haverstraw, his first meeting with Ullman, and his weekend with Ullman's daughter. At that level, Mr. Lipsky is an interesting writer. And in the flashback, though the scientific experience is much the weakest part, he makes some comments about science which show that he is intelligent and reflective.

The flashback over, Luzzatto behaves more and more surprisingly. He offers his resignation, which the president cheerfully accepts. Then one realizes, with the resentful incredulity with which one foresees the end of a detective story in which the author has not played fair, that Luzzatto has an ace up his sleeve. The ace, believe it or not, is that

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Ullman is mad, and that Luzzatto has been trying to protect him. This finally emerges in a kind of trial scene remarkably like the end of *The Caine Mutiny,* but one has gloomily seen it coming all along.

Well, there it is. It is a harmless entertainment, and if it were not for its ostensible subject, wouldn't be worth disapproving of at length. But the subject is so important, so wrapped up in our cultural and practical futures, that a bad or false attempt at it is worse than none.

On Being a Statistic

GERALD WEALES

GRADUATE STUDENTS: EXPERIENCE AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, 1940-1956, by Hans Rosenhaupt, with the assistance of Thomas J. Chinlund. *Columbia University Press. $4.*

The cold wind that blows from the Columbia University graduate school has been so recently at my back that I cannot pick up this book without feeling a little sad. Not that there is anything particularly wrong with Hans Rosenhaupt's study. It intends to and does give the available information on age, sex, veteran status, collegiate origins, and financial support of registering Columbia graduate students and shows, through tables, the implied relationship between this kind of identification and success in getting advanced degrees. Beyond that, the author shows a healthy suspicion of his own figures and their implications, scatters his book with sensible observations on graduate study, and—perhaps because he is a novelist as well as a registrar—manages to fill the space around the tables with prose that is often readable. Yet there *are* the tables and the figures and—the occasional witticisms aside—such a calm, judicial air. Like Miss Madrigal in *The Chalk Garden,* I feel that all this "is the shape and shadow of my life. With the accidents of truth taken out of it." Not simply my life, of course, but the lives of all of us in what a friend of mine once called the "mad-about-grad school generation."

My own "Experience at Columbia University" covers fewer—but not so many fewer—years than Rosenhaupt's study. I registered as an undergraduate in the College in 1946; I got my Ph.D. in 1958. It is true that only nine of those years were in the graduate school and a good many of them were commuter's years, teaching in Atlanta, Detroit, or Providence, and getting into New York on vacations. It is true, too, that my impressionist's eye may be less accurate than statistics and that my memories are centered on the Faculty of Philosophy, under which I studied, and the Faculty of Political Science, some of whose students I knew and know fairly well, rather than on the Faculty of Pure Science, where—we used to think—all the brightly dedicated men went and found good deals. Still, I carry in my mind's eye a group portrait that is probably as accurate, emotionally speaking, as the registrar's tables.

WHO WERE WE anyway? Rosenhaupt is quite aware that we were individuals. He says as much and adds, "The only features the majority have in common are independence of mind and self-reliance, a deep interest in their field of study, and a determination to pass through their period of apprenticeship successfully and rapidly, so that the rewards at the end—a job, prestige, a promotion—may be reaped." I do not even recognize those features. If we were really all that self-reliant, interested, and determined, why did so many of us fall by the way (more than fifty per cent before the master's; more than eighty per cent before the doctorate)?

My own picture of the students at Columbia falls somewhere between Rosenhaupt's tabulations and his allegiance to the individual. All right, we may have been individuals; but we were types, too. There were the crocks and the cranks, of course, like the probably mythical girl who is supposed to have lived for weeks in

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Low Library before she was discovered and ejected. There were the real scholars, I suppose, although one could throw a handful of sand in any large lecture at Columbia and not hit more than half a dozen of the genuine article. There were those of us who had fallen in love with literature or language or history and thought that a graduate school was the best place to declare our passion. There were those of us who wanted a degree the way a barber wants a license, and we multiplied greatly in the years after the war, when the Ph.D. became a glorified I.D. card which one had to flash in the better universities before one could order a drink called tenure. There were those who just wanted to be in New York City and those, particularly among the veterans with the G.I. Bill (the myth of the practical veteran notwithstanding), who were just shopping around, drifting placidly until we discovered that we were really bankers, public-relations men, writers, and not academicians.

I know now, thanks to this study, that statistically I was a good bet to get through. I am a man; I attended Columbia College; I signed for full-time study; I had some financial help (the G.I. Bill). My chances would have been even better if I had started earlier or later; my age at registration (twenty-four) was not completely propitious. Still, there must be something a little more to it than that; I can name at least a handful of financially supported, full-time-studying Columbia College graduates who gave up before they reached the Ph.D. It would be pleasant to think that success (like Rosenhaupt, I use the word to mean finally getting the *thing*) has something to do with intelligence or imagination, but I do not really think so. Succeeding in the Columbia graduate school (or any graduate school) is largely a matter of withstanding the years (from an average 5.3 for chemistry to 12.5 for German). There are ways of coping, of course. Sycophancy is one. (Every heart has its need: Oh, professor, I just loved your last book.) It is probably less successful, however, than its practitioners or the disgruntled outsiders like to think, although—even at Columbia—certain examples do come to mind. More successful is the "dated stepping-stone" or self-hypnosis-as-technique method. It is simple enough. One assigns a terminal date to each of the steps that lie between the virgin registrant and the final glory. Then one sticks to the dates. I used this method myself and only missed my terminal date by three years; in such things, as in statistical studies, there is margin for error. The best way of all to get through is to be born a patient plodder and then as the Chinese torture requirements fall, drop by drop, on your forehead, there is less chance of going mad, or into publishing, publicity, or the civil service.

Much more interesting than those of us who reached home port are those who were wrecked on the way. Some, of course, never intended to go beyond the master's degree; others did not have the ability or the money to do so. There is a large group, however, who drifted away from graduate school almost reluctantly, who still carry their unfinished doctorates on their backs wherever they go and whatever they do. Among these people—at least among the ones I know—are the brightest, the most sensitive, the most imaginative men and women who ever stood in line to register at Columbia. Some of them still maintain connections with Columbia (grappling hooks of tinfoil) and imagine that they will finish some day. Others take their regrets and break away completely; two men that I know cannot even bring themselves to go into the Columbia neighborhood, seeing old friends, if at all, downtown.

As STATISTICS, these people are failures. Actually, who failed whom is a moot question. Most of them, I assume, came to Columbia with a vague but hopeful idea of what a graduate school is. They found that it is, at best, a place—one where they could meet other disenchanted souls and compare losses. It is not, as Rosenhaupt says, "primarily a family of scholars who select their own company." Or if it is, the family is so large—particularly in such departments as History, Economics, and English and Comparative Literature (the biggest monster of all)—that the brand-new graduate student is likely to be nothing more than a very poor, very distant cousin who only sees the senior members of the family on the platform or hurrying down the hall, probably on the way to a committee meeting or a book-and-author luncheon. There are more famous names per square inch at Columbia than at any other institution in the country, but unless the newcomer has cheek or luck he is unlikely ever to know more than the names.

Nor is the graduate school an "idea." Its organization turns it into a process, and the pressure of needs from the outside puts the emphasis on the mechanics of getting through. Although a man can spend ten years getting a degree, in his eyes and the eyes of his department the years and the activity of the years are merely preparation.

Graduate study at Columbia is not—for all this book's title—an *experience*; it is not, as study still was at Columbia College in my undergraduate days, an end, a discovery, even a joy in itself. Whatever the bright ones who quit had come to Columbia for, they found that they were a face no one remembered, a name on a card, a statistic. As the years passed, those still on hand became individuals and, as the ranks thinned out around the finishing line, they may even have become important to the departments in which they studied. But by that time—win, lose, or draw—most of them could not have cared less. "Neglect of the young people who have come to him as disciples," Rosenhaupt writes, "has given many a graduate teacher a bad conscience." Hey now, there's consolation for you.

It is not just Columbia, of course. It is any large graduate school. Those of us who get through swear on a stack of Columbia catalogues that we will never let our students suffer, as we did, from galloping invisibility. We swear, and we break our oaths. We fan out across the country, finding berths where we can, and those of us who end up in sizable graduate schools become, inevitably and sadly, distant mentors, unfamiliar masters. The other day, a young man turned up in my office, shuffling nervously. "My name is ——," he said, "and I'm in your graduate drama course." I should have cried out—*my brother, my son.* Instead I smiled and said, "Well, your face is familiar. Sit down."

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Saints for Our Time

ALFRED KAZIN

THE PICARESQUE SAINT: REPRESENTATIVE FIGURES IN CONTEMPORARY FICTION, by R. W. B. Lewis. *Lippincott. $6.*

In the continuing controversy about the literary merits of *Doctor Zhivago,* hardly anyone has admitted how peculiarly difficult it is to judge what in effect is a new kind of novel. Of course *Doctor Zhivago* is not anything like the great nineteenth-century Russian novels. It lacks the old-fashioned fullness of detail, the self-dramatizing "big" characters who struggle against an utterly provincial background to realize their freedom. At the same time Pasternak deliberately rejected the finicky aestheticism, the arrogant self-consciousness, that one identifies with founders of the "modern" movement —Joyce, Gide, Proust: writers who are sustained by a belief that creating beauty may suffice against a materialistic age. *Doctor Zhivago* is a problem novel of *our* period—a period when no intelligent novelist wants to keep up the elegance of form and style that dominates Hemingway's stories or Gide's *Counterfeiters.* Today a writer is more likely to be concerned with re-establishing principles than with his own freedom from convention. Doctor Zhivago is forced into an absolute moral position, a strange and private saintliness, when he realizes that his struggle is not against society but for a new teaching that will keep up the ties and commandments of our humanity.

But how does one judge a novel so inherently "problematical," full of abstractions, suffused with a nobility that may move us for accidental reasons, uneven in style, full of the typical "crisis" psychology of our period? Our canons for judging a novel derive either from the great social novelists of the nineteenth century or from the aesthetes who after Flaubert put maximum emphasis on style. Old-fashioned readers still demand an absolute feeling of mundane "reality" in every novel they read, though the world we live in is actually less and less real to all of us. Literary intellectuals, who still judge all fiction by Joyce or Hemingway or Woolf, by symbolism and literary surface of style, are usually incapable of recognizing what is really new about a book like *Doctor Zhivago.* They are not prepared to judge on its own merits what is actually a new undertaking for a novelist: to describe a hero who has to make a world, to be the spirit of life itself to people fatalistically sunk in tyranny and subjection. The old-fashioned reader thinks he is back in Tolstoy, but he is not; the "aesthetic" reader thinks that Pasternak is clumsy when he is being merely indifferent to aesthetic concerns and leisurely ideas that are useless to his purpose. At the same time, we are now so likely to be in sympathy with Pasternak, to identify ourselves with his motive in writing the book, that we can be almost too eager to praise the novel and to overlook those sides of it that are merely doctrinaire, theoretical, and sentimental.

THIS PROBLEM seems to me fundamental to *The Picaresque Saint,* which describes with the greatest sympathy, tact, and fellowship the literary situation of novelists who are concerned with Pasternak's subject, but which does not answer, or even raise, the question of how to judge their novels. Mr. Lewis is concerned with six novelists—Alberto Moravia, Albert Camus, Ignazio Silone, William Faulkner, Graham Greene, André Malraux—who represent the "crisis" generation of novelists who succeeded Gide, Proust, Mann, Joyce. These are novelists for whom the aesthetic solution is not enough; they are typically concerned with Communism, Catholicism, totalitarianism, political terror, war. They symbolize man's sudden feeling that he is his own predicament. The characters of Greene, Camus, and Malraux can hardly sit on a mountaintop discussing the future of Europe, as did Thomas Mann's characters in the world which is supposed to have ended in 1914 but which actually lasted through the twenties. Novelists of this "crisis" generation cannot be concerned with André Gide's perpetual search for his own moral "freedom," with the typical overvaluation by the aesthete of his own sexual idiosyncrasy; life presses too hard. To put it bluntly, Gide's generation worried about the individual's right to be "perverse"; today a novelist must cry out against the identification of perversity with all life itself.

NO WONDER that a strange kind of "sainthood" is seen in contemporary novels, for in the world of Hiroshima and Auschwitz and Karaganda the only revolutionary act has become charity. In a world in which not sexual repression but cannibalism has become the norm, only a "saint" can give hope, can give back belief in life, can act on the immortal words of Augustine: *I want you to be.* But of course such a saint is not likely to be the old-fashioned ascetic hermit. In a world in which no one is sheltered from anything, the "saint" in contemporary novels is likely to be not only an ex-Communist and a bit of a rogue but a restless wanderer over the face of the earth: a man pursued by guilt. Pietro Spina in Silone's *Bread and Wine* is an organizer who returns to Fascist Italy disguised as a priest, and in *The Seed Beneath the Snow* he sacrifices himself. The "whiskey priest" in Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory* dies in a state of mortal sin. Nevertheless he is good, a symbol of faith, in the grotesque way that men in our time ever are good —in perfect surprise and in flight from themselves. Like Doctor Zhivago, who will undoubtedly come more and more to seem the representative hero of our time, Greene's priest is a man who becomes a "saint" not by abjuring the fierce demands of his sensual humanity but by thinking differently from the others around him, by setting up a new loyalty for men's hearts that may free them from their compulsive pessimism.

The problem of our time, Tarrou says in Camus's *The Plague,* is to be "a saint without God": which means only that at a time when people do not know whether God exists, it is important to honor certain funda-

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mental obligations in order to save humanity itself. This indeed is what Nikolai, the uncle of the hero, says in *Doctor Zhivago* when he insists that the belief in "history," in man's struggle to abolish the meaninglessness of death, is open even to atheists. This is the feeling of Ike McCaslin in Faulkner's great story "The Bear," as it is even of Catholics like Graham Greene's heroine in *The End of the Affair* and Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter,* and of the humanist Vincent Berger in Malraux' *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg* (the fragment of a novel that was destroyed by the Nazis). More and more, in a world that seems not to exist in the old human terms, that cries out for human rebuilding, not for the old "revolt" against conventions that no longer exist, we have characters who are new to fiction, protagonists who are more like the founders of a new religion than like the heedlessly energetic middle-class characters of the old fiction; for these "new" people, who have been reborn to themselves, have discovered a fundamental truth and are now trying to think others back into life.

Mr. Lewis's description of this situation in contemporary fiction is excellent, and his book performs a most useful service in orienting us, in moving our historical attention and sympathy to the actualities of the present. There is probably no more sympathetic and understanding account in English of Silone's literary career than there is here, and Mr. Lewis has got to the heart of Camus's nihilism, of Moravia's eroticism, of Graham Greene's literary Catholicism, in a way that seems to me utterly admirable and thoroughly useful. In this respect he does what so few critics do nowadays: he is really thinking of the writer himself, from the point of view of another's spiritual plight; he is not, as so many professorial critics are today, so puffed up with the achievements of Joyce and Hemingway and Eliot that he is coldly superior to the creative problems of the moment.

Nevertheless, when we raise the fundamental question of how to judge these new books, Mr. Lewis does not really help us, for he thinks as a sympathetic moralist, not with the inner shrewdness of a creative writer. My objection is not to his actual judgment. It is that in describing books whose common theme moves him so much, Mr. Lewis, like all of us who have been moved by *Doctor Zhivago's* protest against Marxist materialism and Soviet cant, has to convert his approval of ideas into emotions of identification and participation which may signify gratitude rather than a genuine creative experience.

The only test of a "problematical" and "existentialist" novel is whether we, as readers, are made to feel that our own world has become entirely problematical. There are people to whom all literature of the human "predicament" is subjective and childish, as there are people to whom it can be as real as a blow or a nightmare. We cannot respond to *Doctor Zhivago* as we do to *War and Peace,* but we begin by recognizing its authenticity, and after a while we find ourselves in a world where the theme of the "reborn man," of the new vision, has been made palpable. In art there is either a tangible whole experience or there is not. Everything depends not so much on what is said as on the tone of voice in which it is said, on the force with which it is felt and the conviction that it instills in us. If we feel an obvious gap between the "problem" and its realization, if we sense that the approach is abstract, if we recognize that the author, in the fatal manner of non-art, has first raised a question and then simply answered it, we know that the "predicament of man" may be real, but not the book itself.

THE DANGER of this new fiction is, of course, its own seriousness. What is merely intense and urgent tends to disguise itself as a creative emotion. But in art everything depends on the depth at which emotions are held. Thematic criticism can mislead when it brings together disparate writers linked only by their experience as contemporaries. Graham Greene is an absorbing, clever, talented writer, yet he seems to me fundamentally immature; I judge him by the lack of depth at which his world is created. His nightmares are real, his saints are real, his understanding is acute; he remains a clever English schoolboy with a gift

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of converting his personal anxiety into macabre fiction. (Mr. Lewis would have done better to choose Evelyn Waugh, who *looks* immature but actually possesses an extraordinary and obsessed imagination.)

One of the key words in Mr. Lewis's book is "conversion": he means not only the conversion to a new veneration of life, which everyone in our time needs, but a conversion into art. And here the very use of "conversion" as a term is wrong. Nothing is ever converted into art that is not felt inherently as art. The artist does not transpose, he realizes; he does not translate, he incorporates. Faulkner is a very great artist because he is a constant explorer and discoverer of his own thought. *A Fable* has many phony aspects to it without being phony; the single force behind the book has redeemed the shoddiness of some of its devices. Faulkner's artistic integrity is such that he could not write a "false" book if he tried. Camus's *The Stranger* is a wonderful book because it is entirely authentic in its own terms (Mr. Lewis's analysis of its "exasperating perfection" is excellent). But Moravia and Greene seem to me writers pursued by private nightmares which they "convert" into fiction, and I think that Mr. Lewis, despite his awareness of their faults, is misguided to group them thematically with Faulkner and Malraux. In a sense, he also overpraises Silone; he cannot leave himself the elasticity of judgment that a critic needs, for by confronting his subjects head-on, as examples of a contemporary theme, he has kept himself from the kind of particular background study which can distinguish the different shades in the common predicament. Silone receives a full and most sympathetic biography, and we can see how much the ex-Communist in him, the plight of the idealistic Marxist of yesteryear, helps to explain the strength and weaknesses of his fiction. But Mr. Lewis overlooks the role that politics plays in Camus's development, just as he ignores in Moravia the debilitating effect of the Italian bourgeoisie; he describes but does not evaluate the obviously neurotic background of Greene's fiction. The predicament which the novelist describes is in fact no less real when one realizes how much that has gone to shape it originates in social and personal pressures. The relative decline of Silone's novels is perhaps due to the very lack in Italy of those pressures which, growing fiercer and fiercer in Russia, helped to create *Doctor Zhivago.*

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WILLIAM LETWIN

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lagged since 1947, even though subsidies have increased greatly, while other incomes have risen at a fairly steady rate.

What to do about farm incomes has concerned many economists, who have produced a great literature on the subject. They have proposed policies that cover the whole range from re-establishing free competition in the markets for agricultural goods to instituting a system whereby government would rigidly control farm prices, incomes, and everything related to them.

Now if these policies expressed merely the prejudices of their authors, there would be no particular point in reading the books. Reasoning would have no part to play; the issue would be decided by voting and compromise; and as for the rest we could sit back and admire the sheer variety of human tastes. But there is more to it than that. The general feeling that economists are experts rather than charlatans, and that there is something they really know, is not altogether unfounded. It is borne out, for instance, by the

observation that all economists who deal with the farm problem start with the same information, largely agree on what the facts are, and analyze them, up to a certain point, in roughly the same way. It is only as they move from the economic meaning to the political implications of the facts that they diverge so radically. If we are to make a reasonable choice among the various policies, we ought to recognize when the economist ceases to speak about those things that he and his colleagues know and begins to speak instead about the goals that society should aim at, a subject on which economists are not better informed or more united than other people.

Discriminating between facts and objectives is not, however, always as easy as it sounds. In a study he directed for the Conference on Economic Progress, Leon Keyserling—who during the Truman administration was chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors—appears to have tried to help by separating statements of fact, each of which is liberally supported by numbers, graphs, and footnotes, from statements of policy, which are mainly reserved for discussion in the last chapter. In one of the several strands of his argument, for example, he starts with a statement of fact: "since World War II—and mostly after 1951—there has been a vast deflation of farm income." In due course, he offers an explanation, and it is one that many other academic economists agree on: techniques of production in agriculture have improved so greatly since the war that the output of farm goods has outrun the demand for them. The present farm program, Keyserling maintains, has failed to take this into account, and therefore contains a "fatal flaw"—the erroneous view that farmers are "producing too much." The correct view, Keyserling insists, is that the rest of us are consuming too little, and the proper policy therefore would require that consumption be increased. Keyserling offers certain hints—he lacks space to go into detail—as to how this would be done. One basic recipe is to raise the incomes of those Americans who are underfed, so that they can buy more food, thus raising, in turn, the incomes of farmers, and so bringing us closer to full employment and prosperity for all.

The argument looks convincing, but the reason we need not be convinced, despite the air of coherence, is that the first statement of fact, although true, is not an unvarnished truth. "A vast deflation of farm income" is something we all shudder to think of; but we might in good conscience condone "a modest leveling down of swollen wartime profits." Unfortunately the facts themselves do not tell us which of the two is a more accurate description, and indeed neither is particularly accurate. The fact, as plainly as one can state it, is that "farm income from all sources" was almost $30 billion in 1948 (in terms of 1957 dollars) and was only about $20 billion in 1957. Most economists would agree that those figures, produced by reputable economists in government offices, are reasonably reliable, or at least that while they tend to underestimate farm income in comparison with other income, they undoubtedly indicate a fall of a quarter or a third in farm income since 1948. Where economists stop agreeing, because economics no longer applies, is about whether—and to what extent—this undoubted decline is a good thing or a bad thing. The statement that farm income was once higher is a far cry from saying that farm income should be higher than it is.

Even the simple statement, however, that farm income is now lower than previously is deceptive. One of the facts that lie behind the statement is that farm population has declined, as Keyserling is at pains to show, from about twenty-seven million in 1947 to about twenty million in 1957, or again by about a quarter or third. Since farm income and the number of people on farms have decreased at about the same rate, the figures for "per capita farm income from all sources" have stayed very nearly constant ever since 1947. If we pay attention to what farmers have earned, rather than to the abstraction "farm income," we must therefore conclude that no "vast deflation" has taken place at all, but that on the contrary farmers have experienced what one might de-

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scribe, if so inclined, as a "general stability of income, with peaks about ten per cent higher during 1947-1948 and 1951-1952."

When the facts throw such embarrassments in Keyserling's way, he dodges among them very adroitly. A graph illustrating the stability of per capita farm income bears this disquieting description: "The gap between farm income and other income on a per capita basis has widened considerably." Here again, it is not the facts that are in dispute but rather the economic meaning, let alone the political significance, of a widening gap. Incomes of commercial-airline pilots have shot up far beyond those of locomotive engineers in the last few decades. Some of the obvious causes are that an increasing proportion of travelers go by air and that the training of pilots is very costly; the widening gap indicates that the public wants much more of the one service than the other. Nobody, I suppose, would argue that the government should reduce the gap by subsidizing locomotive engineers. Similarly, the widening gap between farmers' incomes and others is due in part to the fact that the public is increasing its demand for services and manufactured goods much faster than for farm products—or to put it another way, that although a people that is becoming richer may buy somewhat more bread, it certainly buys many more automobiles. Why should the government reduce the gap between the incomes of those who raise grain for bread and those who build automobiles?

If the facts are represented in these terms rather than in those that Keyserling uses, the problem shows signs of slipping through our fingers. But Keyserling has another way of catching hold of it. He invokes all the time-honored slogans of agrarianism. We should not, he warns, watch idly while family farming is destroyed by large-scale commercial farming. Agriculture ought to get a "fair share." Rural poverty ought to be eliminated. And above all, let "moral justice" be done to farmers. Justice, as he understands it, apparently requires that farmers should enjoy incomes roughly equal to those of other citizens. This conception of

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Lieutenant Jackson shivered. The harsh Korean winter wind penetrated the thickness of his army overcoat. He held up his hand to protect his face from the biting cold and made a dash for the protection of a wall at the side of the road. As he felt his way along the wall in the darkness, he stumbled over a soft bundle. The bundle moved and a little voice cried out in the night, "Hey, watch out, Mister!"

The bundle that spoke turned out to be a little Korean boy, about 7, who explained that his name was Ho Song and he was huddled against the wall because it was the warmest place he knew in Seoul.

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justice is not a new one, and it may be a good one; the popularity of progressive taxation seems to show that many Americans share it. Yet whether this is a desirable view of justice is a question utterly outside the domain of economics, and when an economist speaks about justice he speaks with no greater authority—nor less—than anyone else of equal intelligence and good will.

Professor Cochrane has produced a more technical study which, if not less passionate than Keyserling's, is distinctly less dogmatic. Dealing with the same materials, he offers much the same analysis of the source of the present farm problem, although because the book is longer and he is addressing technically trained economists, he can afford to be much more thoroughgoing than Keyserling. He is, besides, more fastidious in isolating the discussion of policy questions from the analysis of the state of affairs. But above all, he does not presume to decide the policy question. He does demonstrate that there is no hope at present of substantially increasing the consumption of farm products, thus destroying the basis of Keyserling's scheme. The only remaining solution, he believes, is to restrict output, but he leaves open the question of how this should be done.

The final lines of his book simply state the unresolved question: the three feasible policies are (a) a free market for agricultural goods, (b) a new program of production controls, or (c) continuation of price and income support. The choice among them, he ends by saying, is difficult.

To say that the problem is difficult does not, to be sure, help solve the problem. But it does at least recognize that whatever the technical knowledge of economists can tell us about the meaning of facts and the probable consequences of policies, there always remains the political problem—the need to choose among incompatible ends and among conflicting notions of justice. The reason our agricultural program is in such a mess is that instead of making a choice, we have made it our policy to compromise, evade, and postpone. We thereby have harvested the defects of all the alternatives, and the benefits of none.

RECORDS

The Teutonic Gamut

ROLAND GELATT

When a composer sets out to split the ears of groundlings, he generally puts his climax at the end, the usual procedure being to begin with a murmur and finish with a bang. Unfortunately, the soft-to-loud progression—however valid it may be aesthetically—is ill suited to the limitations of phonograph discs, the inner grooves of which are more easily overloaded and prone to distortion than the outer grooves.

Richard Strauss adroitly evaded this difficulty in his tone poem *Also sprach Zarathustra*. The piece antedates the LP record by more than fifty years, and hence we cannot give Strauss credit for conscious foresight; but the fact remains that *Zarathustra* is a superb phonographic war horse. No sooner does it get under way than Strauss delivers his mightiest orchestral wallop—a thundering statement of the C major chord played by practically every instrument devised by man (not excluding the organ). This burst of decibels occurs while the needle is still riding securely in the outer grooves, and the sound as a result usually comes out with reasonable clarity. By the time we reach *Zarathustra*'s close, all the tumult has died down, and the inner grooves need cope only with soft winds and strings over a pizzicato bass.

The latest recording, in stereo, by the Berlin Philharmonic under Karl Böhm (Decca DL 79999), convincingly exemplifies these general principles while providing as well a fine *echtdeutsch* reading of a score that relies heavily for its fullest effect on the darkly veneered sonorities indigenous to German orchestras. In the domain where growling contrabassoons, rumbling bass tubas, and fruity horns hold forth, the Berlin Philharmonic is without a peer. *Zarathustra* does not come from Strauss's topmost drawer; but it has some glorious patches, and these the

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Berliners set forth with obvious devotion.

"IT IS MATTER for wonder," wrote James Agate of the latter-day Sarah Bernhardt, "that this noble spirit should have been housed in so indomitable a frame, should have been dowered with so heroic a quality of persistence." The phrases ring as true if we apply them to that current wonder Mme. Kirsten Flagstad. Nearly a quarter century has passed since the February afternoon in 1935 when Flagstad first trod the Metropolitan Opera stage, as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre,* and here she is today—in her sixty-fourth year—doing Sieglinde for us again in a new, gloriously realistic recording of *Die Walküre*'s first act (London OSA 1204). True, she no longer attempts the swinging whoops of Brünnhilde or the impassioned rage of Isolde, but in what she does elect to sing her vocal mastery is unimpaired.

To assure ourselves of this we need only compare Flagstad's "Du bist der Lenz" in the new *Walküre,* Act I, with her 1937 recording of the same passage (reissued recently in "The Art of Kirsten Flagstad," RCA Camden CAL 462, a great bargain at $1.98). If anything, the later version is the better, just as secure vocally and rather more womanly and rapturous in feeling. But having established all this, it is necessary to add that Sieglinde was not and is not a role ideally suited to Flagstad's temperament. Cool, chiseled, classic nobility is this singer's forte, whereas Sieglinde is all ardor and vehemence. Flagstad sculpts Sieglinde's phrases with marvelously glacial poise, but one cannot quite believe in her rushing off with Siegmund into the warm, mysterious night.

To find the ultimate note of ardor, one must go back to the Sieglinde of Lotte Lehmann in another and considerably older recorded first act of *Walküre,* which also has the advantage of Lauritz Melchior's impetuous and heroic-sounding Siegmund. (Flagstad's partner is Set Svanholm, who never quite succeeds in catching the wild cry of abandon.) Unfortunately, the quality of orchestral sound in the Lehmann-Melchior set seems almost antediluvian when compared directly to the stereo splendors of the Vienna Philharmonic in the Flagstad-Svanholm recording. All of which leaves the perfect Wagnerite in somewhat of a dilemma. My advice to him is to treasure the old recording (now, alas, out of print) for its characterizations and to acquire the new one for its tonal magnificence.

PITY THE CONCERT WALTZ, an innocent species of music that has been Hollywoodized, Mantovanized, and otherwise treacled and inflated to a dreadful degree. We cannot escape the loudspeakers spewing mood music at us in public places, and they have come alarmingly close to turning Johann Strauss into a common bore. Fortunately, meticulous and devoted performances can still restore our faith in the sparkle of three-quarter time.

Several such may be heard in a new stereo record with the unpromising title "This Is Vienna" (London CS 6014), a bouquet of waltzes by Strauss, Komzák, and Ziehrer, played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Hans Knappertsbusch. Herr Knappertsbusch is a conductor of the old central European school, poised and deliberate in his approach. He pays cool attention to note values, instrumental balances, and precise articulation. Were he conducting a less genial orchestra, the end result might have turned out more leaden than lilting. But here his deliberation is modified by the Vienna Philharmonic's native sympathy for waltz time. The commingling is extraordinarily effective, not only in the most captivating *Tales from the Vienna Woods* on records (performed complete, with its long zither solo) but also in such lesser, sentimental fare as the *Bad'ner Mäd'ln* waltz of Karl Komzák.

Further sweetmeats are to be encountered in a collection of six pieces by Emil Waldteufel. The revelation here is a waltz called *Mon rêve,* which sounds as delicately languid as the Empress Eugénie always looks in the paintings of Winterhalter. Henry Krips and the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra play it with proper reticence, and the stereo recording—particularly in the hushed introduction—is irresistible (Angel S 35426).

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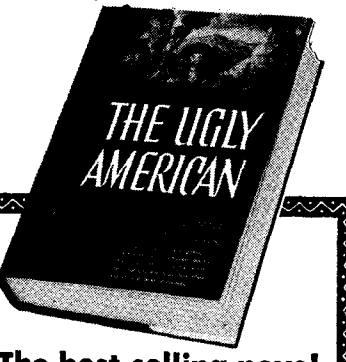

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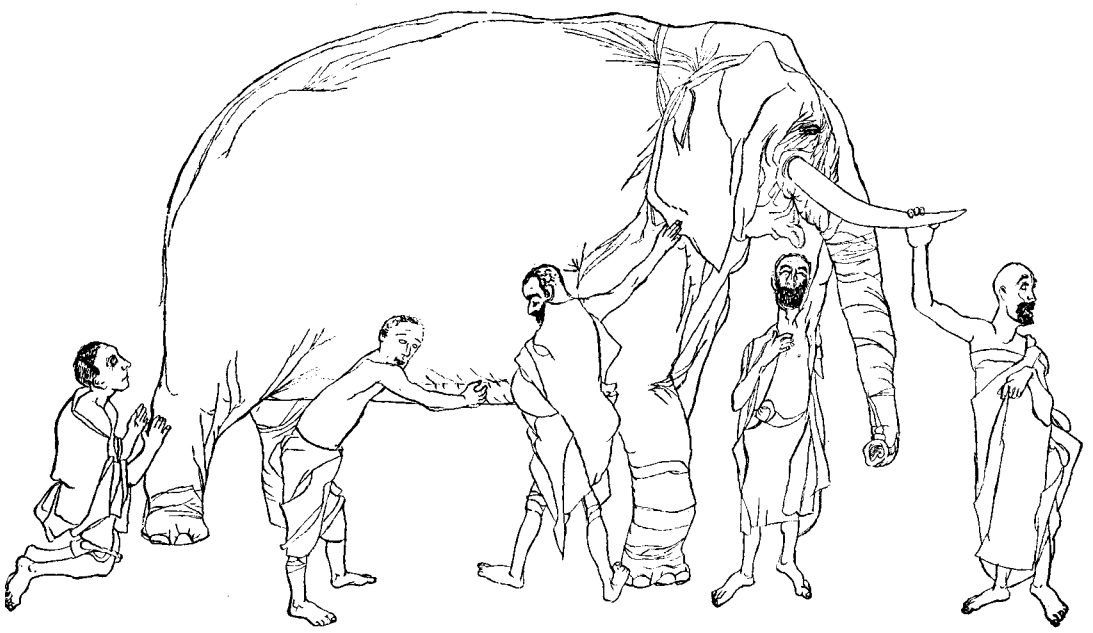

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

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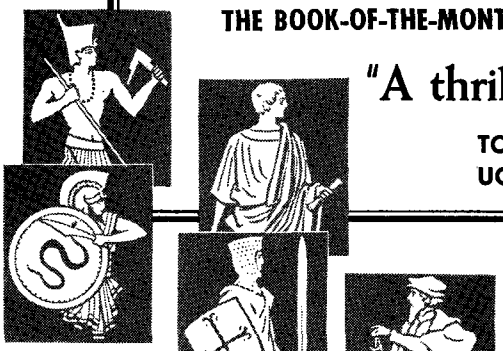

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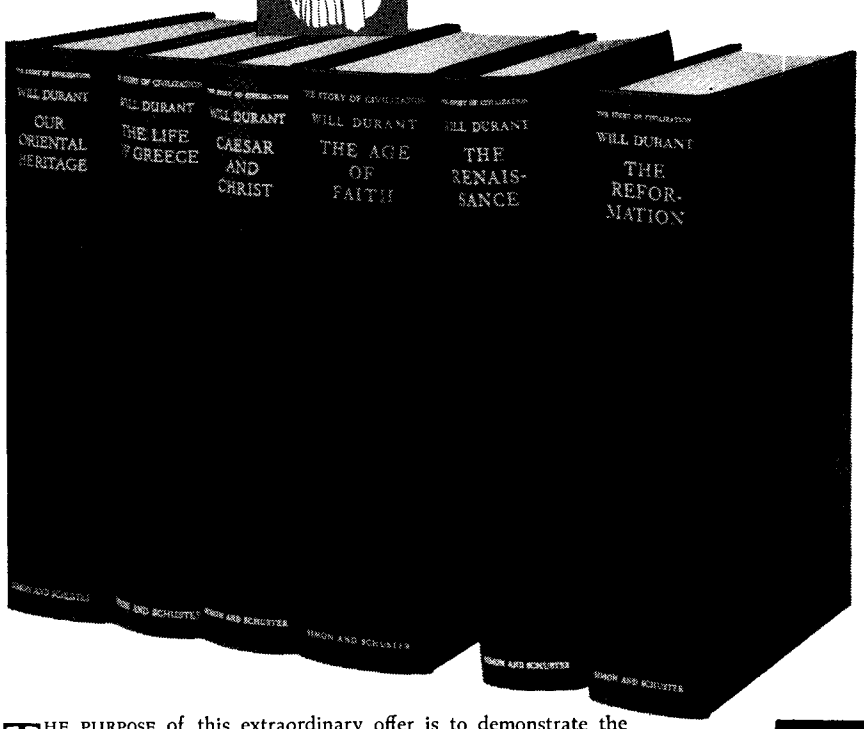

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